
MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

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AND

TRANSLATIONS

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MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S
AND *K.*
TRANSLATIONS.

BY
SEVERAL HANDS.

—*Multa Poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi*——— Hor.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Bernard Lintott* at the *Cross-Keys* be-
tween the *Two Temple Gates* in *Fleetstreet*. 1712.

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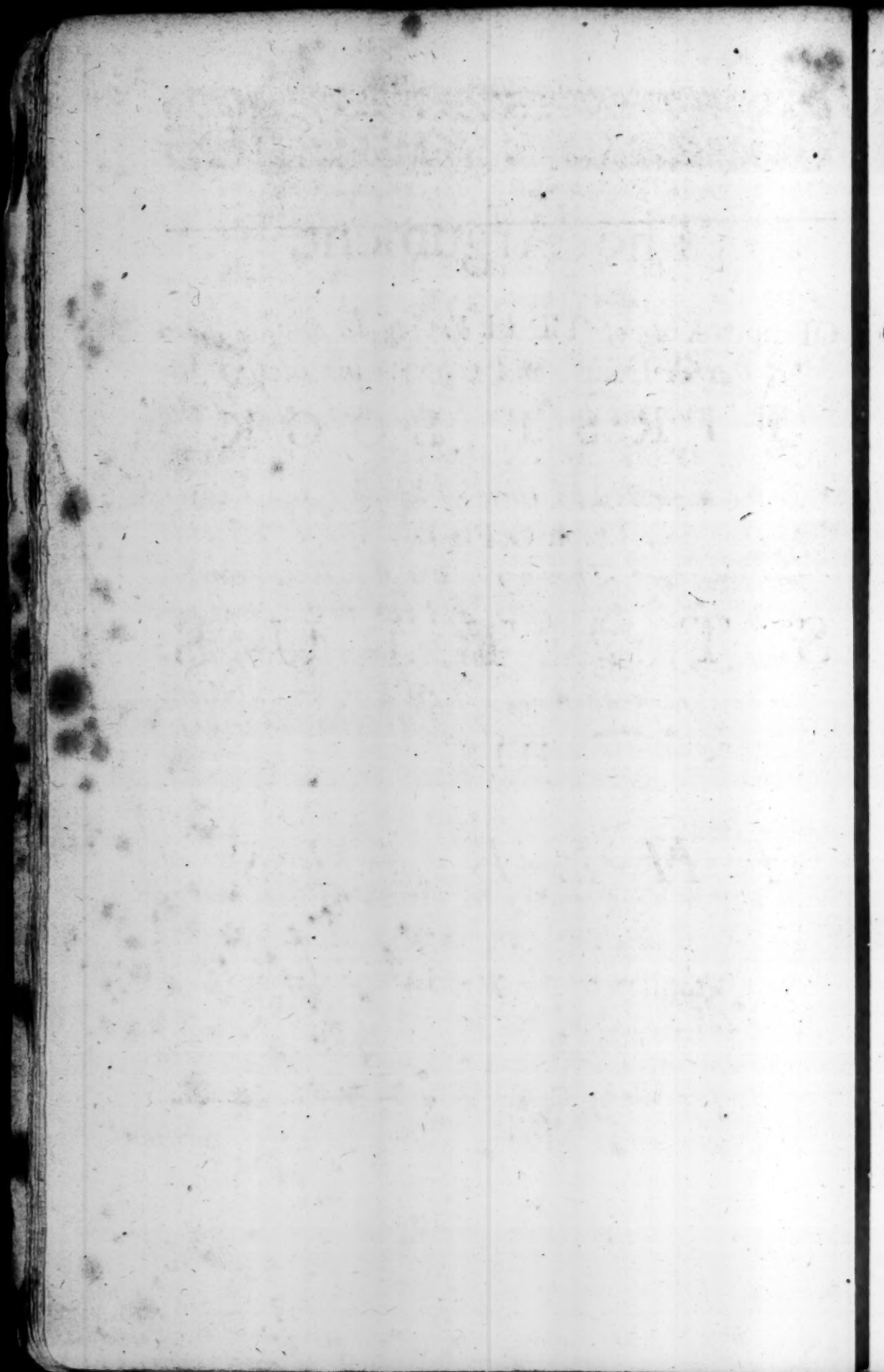
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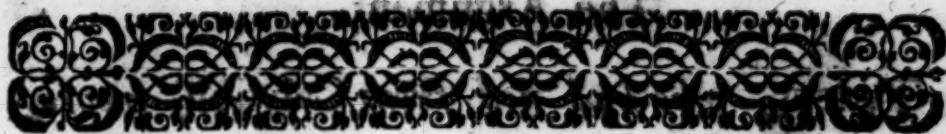


THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated by Mr. POPE.





The Argument.

OEdipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his Father Laius, and marry'd his Mother Jocasta, put out his own Eyes, and resign'd the Realm to his Sons, Etheocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his Prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow Debate betwixt the Brothers. They agree at last to Reign singly, each a Year by turns, and the first Lot is obtain'd by Etheocles : The Murmurs of the People on this occasion are describ'd in an excellent Speech. Jupiter, in a Council of the Gods, declares his Resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a Marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the Daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a Message to the Shades, to the Ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Etheocles, and provoke him to break the Agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by Night, is overtaken by a Storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with

The Argument.

Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his Brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an Oracle from Apollo that his Daughters shou'd be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these Strangers by whom the Hydes of those Beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual Feast in honour of that God. The Rise of this Solemnity he relates to his Guests, the Loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the Story of Coræbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with, their Descent and Quality; The Sacrifice is renew'd, and the Book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not Apologize for his Choice of this Piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better, upon Review, than he expected from those Years, he was easily prevail'd upon to give it some Correction, the rather, because no Part of this Author (at least that he knows of) has been tolerably turn'd into our Language.

THE



THE
FIRST BOOK

O F

STATIUS his *Thebais*.

FRaternal Rage, the guilty *Thebe's* Alarms,
Th' Alternate Reign destroy'd by Impious
Demand our Song; a sacred Fury fires [Arms,
My ravish'd Breast, and All the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my Rhimes
From the dire Nation in its early Times,

B 3

Europa's

Europa's Rape, Agenor's stern Decree,
And *Cadmus* searching round the spacious Sea?
How with the Serpent's Teeth he sow'd the Soil,
And reap'd an Iron Harvest of his Toil;
Or how from joyning Stones the City sprung,
While to his Harp Divine *Amphion* sung?
Or shall I *Juno's* Hate to *Thebes* resound,
Whose fatal Rage th' unhappy Monarch found;
The Sire against the Son his Arrows drew,
O'er the wide Fields the furious Mother flew,
And while her Arms her Second Hope contain,
Sprung from the Rocks, and plung'd into the Main.

But wave whate'er to *Cadmus* may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the Barrier of thy Song,
At *Oedipus*——from his Disasters trace
The long Confusions of his guilty Race.

STATIUS *his* THEBAIS. 7

Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder Wing,
 And mighty *Cæsar's* conqu'ring Eagles sing;
 How twice the Mountains ran with *Dacian* Blood,
 And trembling *Ister* check'd his rapid Flood;
 How twice he vanquish'd where the *Rhine* does roll,
 And stretch'd his Empire to the frozen Pole;
 Or long before, with early Valour strove
 In youthful Arms t'assert the Cause of *Jove*.
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy Father's Fame,
 Encrease of Glory to the *Lavian* Name;
 Oh bless thy *Rome* with an Eternal Reign,
 Nor let desiring Worlds intreat in vain!
 What tho' the Stars contract their Heav'nly Space,
 And crowd their shining Ranks to yield thee place;
 Tho' all the Skies, ambitious of thy Sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our World away;
 Tho' *Phæbus* longs to mix his Rays with thine,
 And in thy Glories more serenely shine;

Tho' *Jove* himself no less content wou'd be,
To part his Throne and share his Heav'n with thee;
Yet stay, great *Cæsar*! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the watry Main,
Resign to *Jove* his Empire of the Skies,
And People Heav'n with *Roman* Deities.

The Time will come, when a diviner Flame
Shall warm my Breast to sing of *Cæsar*'s Fame:
Mean while permit that my preluding Muse
In *Theban* Wars an humbler Theme may chuse:
Of furious Hate surviving Death, she sings,
A fatal Throne to two contending Kings,
And Fun'ral Flames, that parting wide in Air,
Express the Discord of the Souls they bear:
Of Towns dispeopled, and the wandering Ghosts
Of Kings unbury'd, on the wasted Coasts;

When

STATIUS *his* THEBAIS.

When *Dirce's* Fountain blush'd with Gore,
And *Thetis*, near *Ismenos'* swelling Flood,
With Dread beheld the rolling Surges sweep
In Heaps his slaughter'd Sons into the Deep.

What Hero, *Clio!* wilt thou first relate?
The raging *Tydeus*, or the Prophet's Fate?
Or how with Hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile Tyde?
Or how the * Youth with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce *Capaneus* thy Verse extend,
And sing, with Horror, his prodigious End.

Now wretched *Oedipus*, depriv'd of Sight,
Led a long Death in everlasting Night;
But while he dwells where not a chearful Ray
Can pierce the Darkness, and abhors the Day.

* *Parthenopæus.*

The clear, reflecting Mind, presents his Sin
In frightful Views, and makes it Day within;
Returning Thoughts in endless Circles roll,
And thousand Furies haunt his guilty Soul.
The Wretch then lifted to th' un pitying Skies
Those empty Orbs, from whence he tore his Eyes,
Whose Wounds yet fresh, with bloody Hands he
While from his Breast these dreadful Accents broke. ^{[strook,}

Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy Regions reign
Where guilty Spirits feel Eternal Pain;
Thou, fable *Styx*! whose livid Streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary Coasts which I, tho' Blind, behold:
Tisiphone! that oft hast heard my Pray'r,
Assist, if *Oedipus* deserve thy Care!
If you receiv'd me from *Jocasta's* Womb,
And nurs't the Hope of Mischiefs yet to come:

STATIUS *his* THEBAIS. 11

If leaving *Polybus*, I took my Way
 To *Cyrrha's* Temple on that fatal Day,
 When by the Son the trembling Father dy'd,
 Where the three Roads the *Phocian* Fields divide:
 If I the *Sphynxe's* Riddles durst explain,
 Taught by thy self to win the promis'd Reign:
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
 With monstrous Mixture stain'd my Mother's Bed,
 For Hell and Thee begot an impious Brood,
 And with full Lust those horrid Joys renew'd:
 Then self-condemn'd to Shades of endless Night,
 Tore from these Orbs the bleeding Balls of Sight.
 Oh hear, and aid the Vengeance I require;
 If worthy Thee, and what Thou might'st inspire!
 My Sons their old, unhappy Sire despise,
 Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and depriv'd of Eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
 While These exalt their Scepters o'er my Urn;

These

These Sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious Pride
 Insult my Darknes, and my Groans deride.
 Art thou a Father, unregarding *Jove*!
 And sleeps thy Thunder in the Realms above?
 Thou *Fury*, then, some lasting Curse entail,
 Which shall o'er long Posterity prevail :
 Place on their Heads that Crown distain'd with [Gore,
 Which these dire Hands from my slain Father tore;
 Go, and a Parent's heavy Curses bear;
 Break all the Bonds of Nature, and prepare }
 Their kindred Souls to mutual Hate and War. }
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
 Blind as I am, some glorious Villany!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their Hands,
 Their ready Guilt preventing thy Commands :
 Cou'dst thou some great, proportion'd Mischief
 They'd prove the Father from whose Loins they [frame,
 [came.

The

The Fury heard, while on *Cocytus*' Brink
 Her Snakes, unty'd, Sulphureous Waters drink;
 But at the Summons, roll'd her Eyes around,
 And snatch'd the starting Serpents from the
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in Air [Ground,
 The gliding Lightning, or descending Star.
 Thro' Crouds of Airy Shades she wing'd her Flight,
 And dark Dominions of the silent Night;
 Swift as she past, the flitting Ghosts withdrew,
 And the pale Spectres trembled at her View:
 To th' Iron Gates of *Tænarus* she flies,
 There spreads her dusky Pinions to the Skies.
 The Day beheld, and sick'ning at the Sight,
 Veil'd her fair Glories in the Shades of Night.
 Affrighted *Atlas*, on the distant Shore,
 Trembl'd, and shook the Heav'ns and Gods he [bore,
 Now from beneath *Malea*'s airy Height
 She mounts aloft, and steers to *Thebes* her Flight,
 Does

Does with glad Speed the well-known Journey go,
Nor here regrets the Hell she left below.

A hundred Snakes her gloomy Visage shade,
A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head,
In her sunk Eye-balls dreadful Meteors glow,
Such Light does *Phæbe's* bloody Orb bestow,
When lab'ring with strong Charms, she shoots from
A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky. [high

Blood stain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth
Blue steaming Poisons, and a Length of Flame; [there came
From ev'ry Blast of her contagious Breath,
Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues, and [Death:
A Robe obscene was o'er her Shoulders thrown,
A Dress by Fates and Furies worn alone:
She tost her meagre Arms; her better Hand
In waving Circles whirl'd a Fun'ral Brand;
A curling Serpent from her left did rear
His flaming Crest, and lash'd the yielding Air.

But

STATIUS *his* THEBAIS. 15

But when the Fury took her Stand on high,
 Where vast *Cytheron's* Top salutes the Sky,
 A Hiss from all the Snaky Tire went round;
 The dreadful Signal all the Rocks rebound,
 And thro' th' *Achaian* Cities send the Sound.
Oete, with high *Parnassus*, heard the Voice;
Eurota's Banks remurmur'd to the Noise;
 Again *Leucothoe* shook at these Alarms,
 And press'd *Palæmon* closer in her Arms.
 Headlong from thence the Fury urg'd her Flight,
 And at the *Theban* Palace did alight,
 Once more invades the guilty Dome, and shrouds
 Its bright Pavilions in a Veil of Clouds.
 Strait with the Rage of all their Race possess'd,
 Stung to the Soul, the Brothers start from Rest,
 And all the Furies wake within their Breast.
 Their tortur'd Minds repining Envy tears,
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious Fears;

And

The FIRST BOOK of

And sacred Thirst of Sway; and all the Ties
Of Nature broke; and Royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to Reign alone,
That scorns the dull Reversion of a Throne;
Each wou'd the sweets of Sovereign Rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided Pow'r.

As stubborn Steers by brawny Plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling Yoke,
Disdain with servile Necks to bear
The unwonted Weight, or drag the crooked Share,
And rend the Reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the Furrows in Confusion lay:
Such was the Discord of the Royal Pair,
Whom Fury drove precipitate to War.
In vain the Chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern *Thebes* by their Alternate Sway;

Unjust

Unjust Decree! while This enjoys the State,
 That mourns in Exile his unequal Fate;
 And the short Monarch of a hasty Year
 Foresees with Anguish his returning Heir.
 Thus did this League their impious Arms restrain,
 But scarce subsisted to the Second Reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring Piles were rais'd,
 Whose fretted Roofs with polish'd Metals blaz'd,
 No labour'd Columns in long Order plac'd,
 Nor *Grecian* Stone the pompous Arches grac'd;
 No nightly Bands in glitt'ring Arms did wait
 Before the wakeful Tyrant's guarded Gate;
 No Chargers then were wrought in burnish'd Gold,
 Nor Silver Vases took the forming Mold,
 Nor Gems on Bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
 Blaze on the Brims, and sparkle in the Wine—

Say, wretched Rivals! what provokes your Rage?
Say to what End your impious Arms engage?
Not All bright *Phæbus* views in early Morn,
Or when his Evening Beams the West adorn,
When the South glows with his Meridian Ray,
And the cold North receives a fainter Day;
Not all those Realms cou'd for such Crimes suffice,
Were all those Realms the guilty Victor's Prize!

But Fortune now (the Lots of Empire thrown)
Decrees to proud *Etheocles* the Crown:
What Joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy Soul that Day,
When all were Slaves thou cou'dst around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded Pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd Throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing Fears in secret Murmurs vent,

Still prone to change, tho' still the Slaves of State,
 And fure the Monarch whom they have, to hate;
 Madly they make new Lords, then tamely bear,
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
 And one of those who groan beneath the Sway
 Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey;
 (Whom Envy to the Great, and vulgar Spight
 With Scandal arm'd, th' Ignoble Mind's Delight,)
 Exclaim'd—O *Thebes*! for thee what Fates remain,
 What Woes attend this inauspicious Reign?
 Must we, alas! our doubtful Necks prepare,
 Each haughty Master's Yoke by turns to bear,
 And still to change whom chang'd we still must ^[fear?]
 These now controul a wretched People's Fate,
 These can divide, and these reverse the State;
 Ev'n Fortune rules no more: — Oh servile Land,
 Where exil'd Tyrants still by turns command!

Thou Sire of Gods and Men, Imperial *Jove*!
Is this th' Eternal Doom decreed above?
On thy own Offspring hast thou fix'd this Fate,
From the first Birth of our unhappy State;
When banish'd *Cadmus* wandring o'er the Main,
For lost *Europa* search'd the World in vain,
And fated in *Bæotian* Fields to found
A rising Empire on a foreign Ground,
First rais'd our Walls on that ill-omen'd Plain
Where Earth-born Brothers were by Brothers slain?
What lofty Looks th' unrival'd Monarch bears!
How all the Tyrant in his Face appears!
What fullen Fury clouds his scornful Brow!
Gods! how his Eyes with threatning Ardour glow!
Can this Imperious Lord forget to Reign,
Quit all his State, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the suppliant Crowd.

Patient

Patient of Right, familiar in the Throne?
 What Wonder then? he was not then Alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile submissive Train,
 Fortune's tame Fools, and Slaves in ev'ry Reign!

As when two Winds with Rival Force contend,
 This way and that, the wav'ring Sails they bend,
 While freezing *Boreas* and black *Eurus* blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling Vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring State
 Feels all the Fury of resistless Fate,
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince Threatens, and while this Com-
 [mands.

And now th' Almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a Council in the blest Abodes;
 Far in the bright Recesses of the Skies,
 High o'er the rowling Heav'ns, a Mansion lyes,

Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
 The Realms of rising and declining Day,
 And all th' extended Space of Earth, and Air,
 Full in the midst, and on a Starry Throne,
 The Majesty of Heav'n superior shone;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful Nod,
 And all the trembling Spheres confess'd the God.
 At *Jove's* Assent, the Deities around
 In solemn State the Consistory crown'd:
 Next a long Order of Inferior Pow'rs
 Ascend from Hills, and Plains, and shady Bow'rs;
 Those from whose Urns the rowling Rivers flow,
 And those that give the wandring Winds to blow,
 Here all their Rage, and ev'n their Murmurs cease,
 And sacred Silence reigns, and universal Peace.
 A shining Synod of Majestick Gods
 Gilds with new Lustre the divine Abodes,

Heav'n

Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior Ray,
 And the bright Arch reflects a double Day.
 The Monarch then his solemn Silence broke,
 The still Creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred Accent bears eternal Weight,
 And each irrevocable Word is Fate.

How long shall Man the Wrath of Heav'n defy,
 And force unwilling Vengeance from the Sky?
 Oh Race confed'rate into Crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded Rage of *Jove*!
 This weary'd Arm can scarce the Bolt sustain,
 And unregarded Thunder rolls in vain:
 Th' o'erlabour'd *Cyclop* from his Task retires;
 Th' *Æolian* Forge exhausted of its Fires.
 For this, I suffer'd *Phæbus*' Steeds to stray,
 And the mad Ruler to misguide the Day,

When the wide Earth to Heaps of Ashes turn'd,
 And Heav'n it self the wandring Chariot burn'd.
 For this, my Brother of the watry Reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous Sluices of the Main, — }
 But Flames consum'd, and Billows rag'd in vain.
 Two Races now, ally'd to *Jove*, offend;
 To punish these, see *Jove* himself descend!
 The *Theban* Kings their Line from *Cadmus* trace,
 From God-like *Perseus* those of *Argive* Race.
 Unhappy *Cadmus*' Fate who does not know?
 And the long Series of succeeding Woe:
 How oft the Furies from the deeps of Night
 Arose, and mix'd with Men in Mortal Fight:
 Th' exulting Mother stain'd with Filial Blood;
 The Savage Hunter, and the haunted Wood;
 The direful Banquet why shou'd I proclaim,
 And Crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to [name?]

E'er

STATIUS *his* THEBAIS. 25

E'er I recount the Sins of these Profane,
 The Sun wou'd sink into the Western Main,
 And rising gild the radiant East again.
 Have we not seen (the Blood of *Laius* shed)
 The murd'ring Son ascend his Parent's Bed,
 Thro' violated Nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred Womb where once he lay?
 Yet now in Darknes and Despair he groans,
 And for the Crimes of guilty Fate atones;
 His Sons with Scorn their Eyeless Father view,
 Insult his Wounds, and make them bleed anew.
 Thy Curse, oh *Oedipus*, just Heav'n alarms,
 And sets th' avenging Thunderer in Arms.
 I from the Root thy guilty Race will tear,
 And give the Nations to the Waste of War.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire Alliance with the *Theban* Line;

Hence

Hence Strife shall rise, and mortal War succeed;
 The guilty Realms of *Tantalus* shall bleed;
 Fix'd is their Doom; this all-remembering Breast
 Yet harbours Vengeance for the Tyrant's Feast.

He said; and thus the Queen of Heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden Grief her lab'ring Bosom burn'd)
 Must I whose Cares *Phoroneus'* Tow'rs defend,
 Must I, oh *Jove!* in bloody Wars contend?
 Thou know'st those Regions my Protection claim,
 Glorious in Arms, in Riches, and in Fame:
 Tho' there the fair *Ægyptian* Heifer fed,
 And there deluded *Argus* slept and bled;
 Tho' there the Brazen Tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When *Jove* descended in Almighty Gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer Rapes,
 Those bashful Crimes disguis'd in borrow'd Shapes;

But

But *Thebes*, where shining in Cœlestial Charms
 Thou cam'st Triumphant to a Mortal's Arms,
 When all my Glories o'er her Limbs were spread,
 And blazing Lightnings danc'd around her Bed;
 Curs'd *Thebes* the Vengeance it deserves, may
 Ah why shou'd *Argos* feel the Rage of *Jove*? ^{[prove,---}
 Yet since thou wilt thy Sister-Queen controul,
 Since still the Lust of Discord fires thy Soul,
 Go, rase my *Samos*, let *Mycenè* fall,
 And level with the Dust the *Spartan* Wall:
 No more let Mortals *Juno*'s Pow'r invoke,
 Her Fanes no more with Eastern Incense smoke,
 Nor Victims sink beneath the Sacred Stroke;
 But to your *Iſs* all my Rites transfer,
 Let Altars blaze and Temples smoke for her;
 For her, thro' *Ægypt*'s fruitful Clime renown'd,
 Let weeping *Nilus* hear the Timbrel found.

But

But if thou must reform the stubborn Times,
 Avenging on the Sons the Father's Crimes,
 And from the long Records of distant Age
 Derive Incitements to renew thy Rage;
 Say, from what Period then has *Jove* design'd
 To date his Vengeance; to what Bounds confin'd?
 Begin from thence, where first *Alphæus* hides
 His wandring Stream, and thro' the briny Tydes,
 Unmix'd, to his *Sicilian* River glides. }
 Thy own *Arcadians* there the Thunder claim,
 Whose impious Rites disgrace thy mighty Name,
 Who raise thy Temples where the Chariot stood
 Of fierce *Oenömaus*, defil'd with Blood;
 Where once his Steeds their savage Banquet found,
 And Human Bones yet whiten all the Ground.
 Say, can those Honours please? and canst thou love
 Presumptuous *Crete*, that boasts the Tomb of *Jove*?

And

And shall not *Tantalus* his Kingdoms share
 Thy Wife and Sister's Tutelary Care?
 Reverse, O *Jove*, thy too severe Decree,
 Nor doom to War a Race deriv'd from thee;
 On Impious Realms, and barb'rous Kings, impose
 Thy Plagues, and curse 'em with such * Sons as
 [those.

Thus, in Reproach and Pray'r, the Queen exprest
 The Rage and Grief contending in her Breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the Sky,
 And from his Throne return'd this stern Reply.
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty Soul wou'd bear
 The dire, tho' just, Revenge which I prepare }
 Against a Nation thy peculiar Care:
 No less *Dione* might for *Thebes* contend,
 Nor *Bacchus* less his Native Town defend,
 Yet these in Silence see the Fates fulfil
 Their Work, and rev'ence our Superior Will.

* *Tydeus* and *Polynices*.

For by the black infernal *Styx* I swear,
(That dreadful Oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th'irrevocable Doom of *Jove*;
No Force can bend me, no Persuasion move.
Haste then, *Cyllenius*, thro' the liquid Air,
Go mount the Winds, and to the Shades repair;
Bid Hell's black Monarch my Commands obey,
And give up *Laius* to the Realms of Day,
Whose Ghost yet shiv'ring on *Cocytus*' Sand
Expects its Passage to the farther Strand:
Let the pale Sire revisit *Thebes*, and bear
These pleasing Orders to the Tyrant's Ear;
That, from his exil'd Brother, swell'd with Pride
Of foreign Forces, and his *Argive* Bride,
Almighty *Jove* commands him to detain
The promis'd Empire, and Alternate Reign:
Be this the Cause of more than mortal Hate;
The rest, succeeding Times shall ripen into Fate.

The

The God obeys, and to his Feet applies
 Those golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies;
 His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'erspread,
 And veil'd the Starry Glories of his Head:
 He seiz'd his Wand that causes Sleep to fly,
 Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye;
 That drives the Dead to dark *Tartarean* Coasts,
 Or back to Life compells the wondring Ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting Clouds the Son of *May*
 Wings on the whistling Winds his rapid way,
 Now smoothly steers through Air his equal Flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' *Ethereal* Height,
 Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies.

Mean time the banish'd *Polynices* roves
 (His *Thebes* abandon'd) thro' th' *Aonian* Groves,

While

While future Realms his wandring Thoughts de-
 His daily Vision, and his Dream by Night; [light,
 Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his Eye,
 From whence he sees his absent Brother fly,
 Enjoys an airy Empire, all his own,
 And swells on an imaginary Throne.
 Fain wou'd he cast a tedious Age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant Day.
 He chides the lazy Progreſs of the Sun,
 And bids the Year with ſwifter Motion run.
 With anxious Hopes his craving Mind is toſt,
 And all his Joys in length of Wiſhes loſt.

The Hero then reſolves his Courſe to bend
 Where ancient *Danaus*' fruitful Fields extend,
 And ſam'd *Mycene*'s lofty Tow'rs aſcend,
 (Where late the Sun did *Atreus*' Crimes deteſt
 And diſappear'd, in Horreur of the Feaſt.)

And

And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led,
 From *Bacchus*' consecrated Caves he fled,
 Where the shrill Cries of frantick Matrons sound,
 And *Pentheus*' Blood enrich'd the rising Ground.
 Then sees *Cytheron* towring o'er the Plain,
 And thence declining gently to the Main.
 Next to the Bounds of *Nisus*' Realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous *Scylla* cut the Purple Hairs:
 The hanging Cliffs of *Scyron*'s Rocks explores,
 And hears the Murmurs of the diff'rent Shores:
 Passes the Strait that parts the foaming Seas,
 And stately *Corinth*'s pleasing Site surveys.

[Night,
 'Twas now the Time when *Phæbus* yields to
 And rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Light,
 Wide o'er the World in solemn Pomp she drew
 Her airy Chariot, hung with Pearly Dew;

All Birds and Beasts lye hush'd ; Sleep steals away
 The wild Desires of Men, and Toils of Day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent Air,
 A sweet Forgetfulness of Human Care.

Yet no red Clouds, with golden Borders gay,
 Promise the Skies the bright Return of Day ;
 No faint Reflections of the distant Light
 Streak with long Gleams the scatt'ring Shades of ^{[Night ;}
 From the damp Earth impervious Vapours rise,
 Encrease the Darknefs and involve the Skies.

At once the rushing Winds with roaring Sound
 Burst from th' *Æolian* Caves, and rend the Ground,
 With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,
 And win by turns the Kingdom of the Sky :

But with a thicker Night black *Auster* shrouds
 The Heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rowling ^{[Clouds,}
 Then down on Earth a ratling Tempest pours,
 Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs.

From

From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,
 And broken Lightnings flash from ev'ry Cloud.
 Now smoaks with Show'rs the misty Mountain-
 And floated Fields lye undistinguish'd round: [Ground.
 Th' *Inachian* Streams with headlong Fury run,
 And *Erasinus* rowls a Deluge on:
 The foaming *Lerna* swells above its Bounds,
 And spreads its ancient Poysons o'er the Grounds:
 Where late was Dust, now rapid Torrents play,
 Rush thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away:
 Old Limbs of Trees from crackling Forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are born;
 The Storm the dark *Lycean* Groves display'd,
 And first to Light expos'd the Venerable Shade.
 The Prince with Wonder did the Waste behold,
 While from torn Rocks the massy Fragments roll'd,
 And heard astonish'd from the Hills afar
 The Floods descending and the watty War,
 D 2 . That

That driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,
 Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main.
 Thro' the brown Horrors of the Night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful Path to tread,
 His Brother's Image to his Mind appears,
 Inflames his Heart with Rage, and wings his Feet
 [with Fears.

So fares a Sailor on the stormy Main,
 When Clouds conceal *Boötes*' golden Wain,
 When not a Star its friendly Lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling *Cynthia* glimmers on the Deeps;
 He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Seas, and
 While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him
 [Skies,
 [flies.

Thus strove the Chief on ev'ry side distress'd,
 Thus still his Courage, with his Toils, encreas'd;
 With his broad Shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
 Thro' thickest Woods, and rouz'd the Beasts of
 [Prey.
 Till

Till he beheld, where from *Larissa's* Height
 The shelving Walls reflect a glancing Light;
 Thither with haste the *Theban* Hero flies;
 On this side *Lerna's* pois'nous Water lies,
 On that, *Profymna's* Grove and Temple rise:
 He pass'd the Gates which then unguarded lay,
 And to the Regal Palace bent his way;
 On the cold Marble spent with Toil he lies,
 And waits 'till pleasing Slumbers seal his Eyes.

Adrastus here his happy People sways,
 Blest with calm Peace in his declining Days,
 By both his Parents of Descent divine,
 Great *Jove* and *Phæbus* grac'd his noble Line;
 Heav'n had not crown'd his Wishes with a Son,
 But two fair Daughters heir'd his State and Throne.
 To him *Apollo* (wondrous to relate!
 But who can pierce into the Depths of Fate?)

Had fung—"Expect thy Sons on *Argos*' Shore,
"A Yellow Lyon and a bristly Boar.

This, long revolv'd in his Paternal Breast,
Sate heavy on his Heart, and broke his Rest;

This, great *Amphiaraus*, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in Fate and dark Futurity.

The Father's Care and Prophet's Art were vain,
For thus did the Predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless *Tydeus*, whose ill-fated Hand
Had slain his Brother, leaves his Native Land,
And seiz'd with Horror, 'midst the Shades of Night,
Thro' the thick Desarts headlong urg'd his Flight:
Now by the Fury of the Tempest driv'n,
He seeks a Shelter from th' inclement Heav'n,
Till led by Fate, the *Theban*'s Steps he treads,
And to fair *Argos* open Court succeeds.

When

When thus the Chiefs from diff'rent Lands re-
 T' *Adrastus*' Realms and Hospitable Court, [fort
 The King surveys his Guests with curious Eyes,
 And views their Arms and Habit with Surprise.
 A Lyon's yellow Skin the *Theban* wears,
 Horrid his Mane, and rough with curling Hairs;
 Such once employ'd *Alcides*' youthful Toils,
 E're yet adorn'd with *Nemea*'s dreadful Spoils.
 A Boar's stiff Hyde, of *Calydonian* Breed,
Oenides' manly Shoulders overspread,
 Oblique his Tusks, erect his Bristles stood,
 Alive, the Pride and Terror of the Wood.

Struck with the Sight, and fix'd in deep Amaze,
 The King th' accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
 Reveres *Apollo*'s vocal Caves, and owns
 The guiding Godhead, and his future Sons.

O'er all his Bosom sacred Transports reign,
And a glad Horror shoots through ev'ry Vein:
To Heav'n he lifts his Hands, erects his Sight,
And thus invokes the silent *Queen of Night*.

Goddeſs of Shades, beneath whose gloomy
Yon ſpangled Arch glows with the ſtarry Train,
Who doſt the Cares of Heav'n and Earth allay,
Till Nature quicken'd by th' Inſpiring Ray,
Wakes to new Vigor with the riſing Day. }
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful State,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the Maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our Aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe Omens thou haſt made!
We to thy Name our Annual Rites will pay,
And on thy Altars Sacrifices lay;
The Sable Flock ſhall fall beneath the Stroke,
And fill thy Temples with a grateful Smoke:

Hail

Hail faithful *Tripes*! Hail ye dark Abodes
Of awful *Phæbus*: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with Sacred Fear, the Monarch
Then to his Inner Court the Guests convey'd;
Where yet thin Fumes from dying Sparks arise,
And Dust yet white upon each Altar lies;
The Relicks of a former Sacrifice.

The King once more the solemn Rites requires,
And bids renew the Feasts, and wake the sleeping
His Train obey; while all the Courts around
With noisie Care and various Tumult found.
Embroider'd Purple cloaths the Golden Beds;
This Slave the Floor, and That the Table spreads;
A Third dispels the Darknes of the Night,
And fills depending Lamps with Beams of Light;
Here Loaves in Canisters are pil'd on high,
And there, in Flames the slaughter'd Victims fry.

Sublime

Sublime in Regal State, *Adrastus* shone,
Stretch'd on rich Carpets, on his Iv'ry Throne;
A lofty Couch receives each Princely Guest;
Around, at awful Distance, wait the rest:

And now the King, his Royal Feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the Tutrefs of his Race,
Who first their Youth in Arts of Virtue train'd,
And their ripe Years in modest Grace maintain'd.
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful Ear,
And bad his Daughters to the Rites repair.
When from the close Apartments of the Night,
The Royal Nymphs approach'd divinely bright,
Such was *Diana's*, such *Minerva's* Face;
Nor shine their Beauties with superior Grace,
But that in these a milder Charm indears,
And less of Terror in their Looks appears.

As on the Heroes first they cast their Eyes,
O'er their fair Cheeks the glowing Blushes rise,
Their down cast looks a decent Shame confest,
Then, on their Father's rev'rend Features rest.

The Banquet done, the Monarch gives the Sign
To fill the Goblet high with sparkling Wine,
Which *Danaus* us'd in sacred Rites of old,
With Sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising Gold.
Here to the Clouds victorious *Perseus* flies;
Medusa seems to move her languid Eyes,
And, ev'n in Gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the Chace *Jove's* tow'ring Eagle bears
On golden Wings, the *Phrygian* to the Stars;
Still as he rises in th' Æthereal Height,
His native Mountains lessen to his Sight;
While all his sad Companions upwards gaze,
Fix'd on the Glorious Scene in wild Amaze,

And

And the swift Hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the Shade, and bark against the Skies.

This Golden Bowl with gen'rous ^{[crown'd,} Juice was
The first Libations sprinkled on the Ground ;
By turns on each Celestial Pow'r they call ;
With *Phæbus* Name resounds the vaulted Hall.
The Courtly Train, the Strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste Laurel, and with Garlands ^{[drest,}
(While with rich Gums the fuming Altars blaze)
Salute the God in num'rous Hymns of Praise.

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my Noble Guests,
These honour'd Altars, and these annual Feasts,
To bright *Apollo's* awful Name design'd,
Unknown, with Wonder may perplex your Mind.
Great was the Cause ; our old Solemnities
From no blind Zeal or fond Tradition rise ;

But

But sav'd from Death, our *Argives* yearly pay
These grateful Honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand Darts the *Python* slain
With Orbs unroll'd lay stretch'd o'er all the Plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er *Castalia's* Streams he hung,
And suck'd new Poisons with his triple Tongue)
The Victor God did to these Realms resort,
And enter'd old *Crotopus'* humble Court.

This *Argive* Prince one only Daughter blest,
That all the Charms of blooming Youth possess;
Fair was her Face, and spotless was her Mind,
Where Filial Love with Virgin Sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still She might have prov'd;
Were she less beautiful, or less lov'd!

But *Phæbus* lov'd, and on the Flow'ry Side
Of *Nemea's* Stream the yielding Fair enjoy'd:

And

And e'er ten Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
Th' illustrious Off-spring of the God was born.
The Nymph, her Father's Anger to evade,
Now flies from *Argos* to the Sylvan Shade,
To Woods and Wilds the pleasing Burden bears,
And trusts her Infant to a Shepherd's Cares.

How mean a Fate, unhappy Child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy those of Race divine?
On flow'ry Herbs in some green Covert laid,
His Bed the Ground, his Canopy the Shade,
He mixes with the bleating Lambs his Cries;
While the rude Swain his rural Musick tries,
To call soft Slumbers on his infant Eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure Abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate wou'd give!
For on the grassie Verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the Freshness of the rising Day,
Devouring

Devouring Dogs the helpless Infant tore,
 Fed on his trembling Limbs, and lapt the Gore.
 Th'astonish'd Mother when the Rumour came,
 Forgets her Father, and neglects her Fame,
 With loud Complaints she fills the yielding Air,
 And beats her Breast, and rends her flowing Hair;
 Then wild with Anguish, to her Sire she flies;
 Demands the Sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with Sorrow for the Dead, too late,
 The raging God prepares t'avenge her Fate.
 He sends a Monster, horrible and fell,
 Begot by Furies in the Depths of Hell;
 The Pest a Virgin's Face and Bosom bears;
 High on her Crown a rising Snake appears,
 Guards her black Front, and hisses in her Hairs: }
 About the Realm she walks her dreadful Round,
 When Night with fable Wings o'erspreads the
 [Ground,
 Devours

Devours young Babes before their Parent's Eyes,
And feeds and thrives on Publick Miseries.

But gen'rous Rage the bold *Choræbus* warms,
Choræbus, fam'd for Virtue as for Arms;
Some few like him, inspir'd with Martial flame,
Thought a short Life well lost for endless Fame.
These, where two Ways in equal Parts divide,
The direful Monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding Babes depending at her Side;
Whose panting Vitals, warm with Life, she draws,
And in their Hearts embrues her cruel Claws.
The Youth surround her with extended Spears;
But brave *Choræbus* in the Front appears,
Deep in her Breast he plung'd his shining Sword,
And Hell's dire Monster back to Hell restor'd.
Th'*Inachians* view'd the Slain with vast Surprise,
Her twisting Volumes, and her rowling Eyes,

Her

Her spotted Breast, and gaping Womb imbru'd
 With livid Poyson and our Infant's Blood.
 The Crowd in stupid Wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in Joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast Beams the squallid Corps engage,
 And weary all the wild Efforts of Rage.
 The Birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to Taste,
 With hollow Screeches fled the dire Repast;
 And ravenous Dogs, allur'd by scented Blood,
 With starving Wolves, ran howling to the Wood.

But fir'd with Rage, from cleft *Parnassus*' Brow
 Avenging *Phæbus* bent his deadly Bow,
 And hissing flew the feather'd Fates below;
 A Night of sultry Clouds involv'd around
 The Tow'rs, the Fields, and the devoted Ground:
 And now a thousand Lives together fled,
 Death with his Scythe cut off the fatal Thread,
 And a whole Province in his Triumph led.

E

But

But *Phæbus*, ask'd why noxious Fires appear,
And raging *Sirius* blasts the sickly Year,
Demands their Lives by whom his Monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful Sacrifice to Hell.

Blest be thy Dust, and let Eternal Fame
Attend thy *Manes*, and preserve thy Name;
Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a Cause disdain'd thy Life to save;
But view'd the Shrine with a superior Look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke.

With Piety, the Soul's securest Guard,
And conscious Virtue, still its own Reward,
Willing I come; unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, *Phæbus*, find a Suppliant here:
Thy Monster's Death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a Deed too glorious to disown.

Behold

Behold him here, for whom, so many Days,
 Impervious Clouds conceal'd thy fullen Rays;
 For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy Care,
 Such Numbers fell by Pestilential Air!
 But if th'abandon'd Race of Human-kind
 From Gods above no more Compassion find;
 If such Inclemency in Heav'n can dwell;
 Yet why must un-offending *Argos* feel
 The Vengeance due to this unlucky Steel?
 On me, on me, let all thy Fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our Desart Cities please thy Sight,
 And Fun'ral Flames reflect a grateful Light.
 Discharge thy Shafts, this ready Bosom rend,
 And to the Shades a Ghost Triumphant send;
 But for my Country let my Fate atone,
 Be mine the Vengeance, as the Crime my own.

Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves;
 Unwelcome Life relenting *Phæbus* gives;
 For not the vengeful Pow'r, that glow'd with Rage,
 With such amazing Virtue durst engage.
 The Clouds dispers'd, *Apollo's* Wrath expir'd,
 And from the wondring God th' unwilling Youth ^{[retir'd.}
 Thence we these Altars in his Temple raise,
 And offer Annual Honours, Feasts, and Praise;
 These solemn Feasts propitious *Phæbus* please,
 These Honours, still renew'd, his antient Wrath
 [appease.

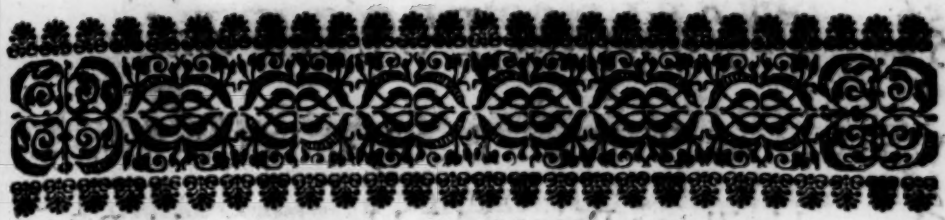
But say, Illustrious Guest (adjoin'd the King)
 What Name you bear, from what high Race you ^{[spring?}
 The noble *Tydeus* stands confess'd, and known
 Our Neighbour Prince, and Heir of *Calydon*:
 Relate your Fortunes, while the friendly Night
 And silent Hours to various Talk invite.

The *Theban* bends on Earth his gloomy Eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
 Before these Altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous Prince) my Nation or my name,
 Or thro' what Veins our ancient Blood has roll'd?
 Let the sad Tale for ever rest untold!
 Yet if propitious to a Wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in Sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from *Cadmus* I derive my Race,
Jocasta's Son, and *Thebes* my Native Place.
 To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous Breast
 Touch'd with Concern for his unhappy Guest)
 Replies—Ah why forbears the Son to Name
 His wretched Father, known too well by Fame?
 Fame, that delights around the World to stray,
 Scorns not to take our *Argos* in her Way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where Suns at distance roll,
 In *Northern* Wilds, and freeze beneath the Pole;

And those who tread the burning *Lybian* Lands,
 The faithless *Syrtes* and the moving Sands;
 Who view the *Western* Sea's extreamest Bounds,
 Or drink of *Ganges* in their *Eastern* Grounds;
 All these the Woes of *Oedipus* have known,
 Your Fates; your Furies; and your haunted Town.
 If on the Sons the Parents Crimes descend,
 What Prince from those his Lineage can defend?
 Be this thy Comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface
 With Virtuous Acts thy Ancestors Disgrace,
 And be thy self the Honour of thy Race. }
 But see! the Stars begin to steal away,
 And shine more faintly at approaching Day;
 Now pour the Wine; and in your tuneful Lays,
 Once more resound the Great *Apollo's* Praise.

Oh Father *Phæbus*! whether *Lycia's* Coast
 And snowy Mountains thy bright Presence boast;
 Whether

Whether to sweet *Castalia* thou repair,
 And bath in silver Dews thy yellow Hair;
 Or pleas'd to find fair *Delos* float no more,
 Delight in *Cynthus* and the Shady Shore;
 Or chuse thy Seat in *Ilion's* proud Abodes,
 The shining Structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods!
 By thee the Bow and mortal Shafts are born,
 Eternal Charms thy blooming Youth adorn:
 Skill'd in the Laws of Secret Fate above,
 And the dark Counsels of Almighty *Jove*,
 Thou dost the Seeds of future War foreknow,
 The Change of Scepters, and impending Woe;
 When direful Meteors spread thro' glowing Air
 Long Trails of Light, and shake their blazing Hair.
 Thy Rage the *Phrygian* felt, who durst aspire
 T'excel the Musick of thy Heav'nly Lyre;
 Thy Shafts aveng'd lewd *Tityus'* guilty Flame,
 Th'Immortal Victim of thy Mother's Fame;



FOUR SONGS

Written in 1683,

In order to be Sung as Chorus's between the Acts of a Play of Shakespear that was altered.

First SONG after the End of the first Act.

Chorus of Free Citizens of Rome.

W^Hither is Ancient Virtue gone?

What is become of Justice now?

That Valour, which so bright has shone,

And with the Wings of Conquest flown,

Must to a haughty Master bow:

Who

58 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Who with our Toil, our Blood, and all we have be-
Gorges his ill-got Power, his Humour or his Pride. ^{[fide,}

He frankly does his Life expose:

So will a Lyon or a Bear.

What Comfort can that be to those,

Who more his vain Ambition fear?

How stupid Wretches we appear ;

Who round the World, for Wealth, and Empire, ^{[roam ;}
And never, never think, what Slaves we are at ^{[Home?}

Did Men, for this, together Join,

Quitting the free wild Life of Nature?

What Beast but Man did e'er Combine

For setting up his Fellow-Creature,

And of two Mischiefs chuse the Greater?

Oh, rather than be Slaves to false and worthless ^{[Men,}
Give us our Wildness, and our Woods, our Huts, ^{[and Caves agen.}

There

There secure from Lawless Sway,

Out of Pride, or Envy's way;

Living up to Nature's Rules

Not deprav'd by Knaves and Fools,

[Sheep;
Happily we all might live, and Harmless as our
Then at length as calmly dye, as Infants fall asleep.

Second SONG after the second A C T.

The Genius of Rome.

LO, to prevent this awful Empire's Doom,
From Bright unknown Abodes of Bliss I
The Mighty Genius of Majestick *Rome*. [come,

Her * Fate approaches! yet, I will ingage
Some few, the Master Souls of all this Age,
To do an Act of just Heroic Rage.

* *The Fall of the Common-wealth, when it was thung'd into Tyranny.*

60 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

'Tis hard so Brave a Man should fall so low;
But worse, to let so Great a People bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them
[now.

Yet, oh, I grieve that *Brutus* should be stain'd,
Whose Life, excepting this one Act, remain'd
So Pure, that future Times will think it feign'd.

But only He can make the Rest combine;
The very Life and Soul of their Design:
The Center, where those Mighty Spirits join.

Unthinking Men no sort of Scruples make;
And some are Bad, only for Mischief's sake;
But ev'n the Best are Guilty by Mistake.

Thus, while they all for Publick Good intend
To bring a Tyrant to untimely End,
The over-zealous *Brutus* Stabs his Friend.

Third SONG after the third Act.

Chorus of Roman Senators.

DARK is the Path poor Mortals tread:
Wisdom it self a Guide does need:
We little thought, when *Cæsar* bled,
That a worse *Cæsar* would succeed.
And are we under such a hopeless Curse,
That we can never Change, but for the worse?
Under Pretence of necessary Force
By which we our own selves Enthrall,
These, without Blushes, or Remorse,
Proscribe the Best, impoverish All.
The *Gauls* themselves, our greatest Foes,
Could offer Terms no worse than those.

That

62 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

That *Cæsar* with Ambitious Thoughts
Had Virtues too, his very Foes cou'd find:
These equal him in all his Faults,
But never in his noble Mind.

That Free-born Spirits shou'd obey
Wretches who know not how to Sway!

Too late we now repent our hasty Choice;
In vain bemoan so quick a Turn;

Dejected *Rome* cries with united Voice,

Better, a thousand times, that we had born
Our Ills a while, with Patience, and with Ease,
Than try'd a Fatal Cure much worse than our
[Disease.



Fourth Song after the fourth Act.

*Chorus of Soldiers in the Army of Brutus and
Cassius.*

OUR Vows thus chearfully we sing,
 'Till the fierce Clangor fires our Blood:
 Let all the Neighb'ring Ecchoes ring
 With Wishes for our Country's Good:
 And, for Reward, of the just Gods we claim
 A Life with Freedom, or a Death with Fame.

May Rome be freed from War's Allarms,
 And Mulcts too heavy to be born:
 May she beware of Foreign Arms,
 And send them back with noble Scorn.
 And, for Reward, &c.

May

64 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

May she no more confide in Friends
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private Ends,
To waste her Wealth, and spill her Blood.
And, for Reward, &c.

Our greatest Patriots *Love* restrain
From Faction, which they Wisdom call;
From the low Thoughts of little Gain,
And hazarding the losing all.
And, for Reward, &c.

Our Arms we'll eagerly prepare,
Then, to the glorious Combat fly;
All disingag'd from future Care,
Except to Overcome, or Dye.
And, for Reward, &c.

They

They Fight, Oppression to increase;

We, for our Liberties and Laws;
It were a Sin to doubt Success,

When Freedom is the Noble Cause.

And, for Reward, of the Just Gods we claim
A Life with Freedom, or a Death with Fame.



Gualterus Dannistonus

Ad Amicos.

DUM Studeo fungi fallentis munere vita,

Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,

Arctoâ florens Sophia, Samiisque superbus

Discipulis, Animas morte carere cano.

Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto,

Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;

Qualia

WALTER DANNISTON,

AD AMICOS.

Imitated by Mr. P R I O R.

STudious, the busie Moments to deceive,
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the *Græcian* Dictates say,
And *Samian* Sounds o'er *Scotia's* Hills convey.
When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath,
The Body only I give o'er to Death:
The Parts dissolv'd and broken Frame I mourn;
What came from Earth, I see to Earth return:
The Immaterial Part, th' *Ætherial* Soul,
Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul:

68 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Qualia conveniunt Divis, Quis fata volebant

Vitai faciles molliter ire vias,

Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo,

Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.

Sed fuerint nulli, forsan, quos spondeo, cœli,

Nullaque sint Ditis Numina, nulla Jovis;

Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis,

Quique superstes, Homo, qui nihil, esto Deus.

Attamen esse hilares & inanes mittere curas

Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,

Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis

Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.

His

Glad I release it from its Partner's Cares,
And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those Sighs,
Which Spite of Wisdom from our Weakness rise;
The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
And offer to the now immortal Friend.
But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
Nor *Pluto's* Rage there be, nor Pow'r of *Jove*,
On its dark Side, if thou the Prospect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black *Lethe's* Lake;
In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,
No new Hereafter, nor a future Sky;
Yet bear thy Lot content, yet cease to grieve;
Why, e'er Death comes, do'st thou forbear to live?
The little Time, thou hast 'twixt Instant now
And Death's Approach, is all the Gods allow;
And of this little hast thou ought to spare
To sad Reflection, and Corroding Care?

His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus;

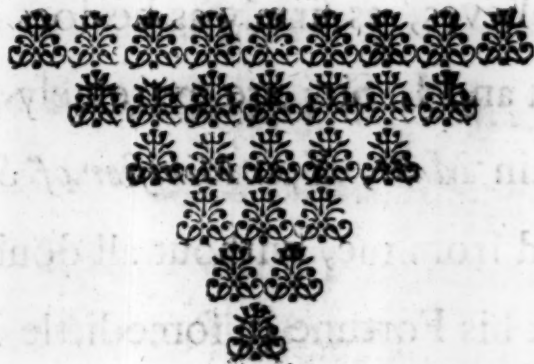
Et mors seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit,

Nam Sophia Ars illa est quæ fallere suaviter horas

Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.



The Moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve,
 With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave.
 The Present Hours, in present Mirth imploy,
 And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
 The Future (few or more, how e'er they be)
 Were destin'd e'rst, nor can by Fate's Decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the Grave and Thee.



H O R A C E

LIB. I. EPIST. IX.

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum, intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias. &c.*

To the Right Honourable R—H—, Esq;

DEAR Dick, howe'er it comes into his Head,
Believes, as firmly as he does his Creed,
That You and I, Sir, are extremely great;
Tho' I plain Matt, You Minister of State,
One Word from me, without all doubt, he says
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place:
Thus better than my self, it seems, he knows
How far my Interest with my Patron goes,
And answering all Objections I can make
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From

From this wild Fancy, Sir, there may proceed
 One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread,
 That I, in Fact, a real Interest have,
 Which to my own Advantage I wou'd save,
 And with the usual Courtier's Trick intend
 To serve my self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure I all Shame lay by,
 And make my Reason with his Will comply,
 Hoping for my Excuse 'twill be confest,
 That of two Evils I have chose the least.
 So, Sir, with this Epistolary Scroll,
 Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul,
 Him you will find in Letters and in Laws
 Not unexpert; firm to his Country's Cause;
 Warm in the Glorious Interest you pursue;
 And, in one Word, a good Man and a true.



74 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

AN
I M I T A T I O N
OF
C H A U C E R.

By the same Hand.

FAIR *Susan* did her Wifhode well maintaine,
Algates assaulted sore by Leachers rwaine:
Now, an' I reade aryghte that auncient Song,
The Paramours were Olde, the Dame was Yong.

Had thilke fame Tale in other guise been tolde,
Had they been yong, (pardie) and she been olde,
Sweet Jesu! that had been much forer Tryall;
Full marvaillous, I wote, were such Denyall!

A N
E P I S T L E.

By Mr. *B A T E*.

LEST others tempt your Youth with Praise
 And tell you what your self too soon would ^{[not due,}
 Till Flatt'ry's Breath with Fortune's Blessings ^{[know,}
 Stifle your Virtue, and corrupt your Mind; ^{[join'd,}
 Study your self, know human Nature well,
 And view the things that make vain Mortals swell,
 The things that Souls above the Vulgar please;
 But view them, stript of their enchanting Dress:
 Nor 'midst those Thoughts with rash Disdain refuse
 This dull Description of a Rural Muse.

Life

76 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Life in its Spring displays a glorious Scene,
 Vig'rous like *April*, and like *May* Serene,
 The Streams of Pleasure flow as Nectar pure,
 Attract the Senses, and the Soul allure,
 The fond young Man is ravish'd with the Taste,
 Smiles, drinks, and dreams the Relish long will last;
 And giddy with the Fumes, and with Conceit,
 He deems himself for all great Actions fit,
 A *Cranmer* in the Church, and *Burleigh* in the ^[State.]
 Boundless his Hopes, fantastick are his Schemes,
 And gay Idæa's fill his golden Dreams.

But oh! how soon the nauseous Dregs arise,
 Disgust the Palate, and pollute his Joys,
 Troubles break in, and worldly Cares prevail,
 The Brain is heated, and the Visage pale.
 The Toils of Day invade the peaceful Night,
 And sting the Soul, and in black Dreams affright.

Augustus

Augustus You will Stile—Thrice happy Prince—
 Hear first his Groans for *Julia's* vile Offence:
 The vanquish'd World this Godlike Man adores,
 This Godlike Man Domestick Ills deplores;
 O'er Realms of stubborn Men he can preside,
 But can't at home one wanton Daughter guide;
 Her Death he long revolves, shock'd with Despair,
 The Parent and the Judge his Bosom tear.
 This Scene appeases *Cleopatra's* Ghost,
Pandaria gives her back what *Actium* lost.

Nor outward Ills alone our Pride chastise
 From our own Frame corroding Sorrows rise.
 Diseases, barb'rous Armies, Havock make,
 Aches and Pangs the yielding Fortrefs shake.
 Beauty and Strength are with reluctance fled,
 Potions are drank, and loathsome Rules obey'd;
 The Pulse oft number'd with a silent care,
 And Death seen hov'ring in the hazy Air.

78 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

The Soul her Empire would maintain, but fails,
 For in the Strife the mortal Part prevails.
 See our undaunted *Henry* loath to yield,
 He combats Sickneſs, and will take the Field,
 The fearless Hero in his Litter goes,
 But finds his Fever worſe than *Gallie* Foes;
 His vig'rous Mind could cauſe, but cannot heal
 An Ill ſo fatal to the Publick Weal.
 Vanquiſht at length, the Pious Prince retreats,
 And in the Bloom of Life to griſly Death ſubmits.

But you may ſhun Diſeaſes baleful Power,
 Nor pine away in an untimely Hour;
 Morose old Age, incurable Diſeaſe,
 Stalks on, and ſoon does the frail Being ſeize;
 Tir'd with himſelf, he Company deſires,
 Which ſcornful flies, for Company he tires.
 Now penſive on his Staff he walks alone,
 Too Conſcious what himſelf in Youth has done:

So chang'd his Country, that he seems to stand
An useless Gazer in a foreign Land.

So chang'd himself, he's scarce the wither'd Shade
Of the proud Thing in Robes of Glory clad.

Edward, once active as the joyful Sun,
Loaded with Years, himself but loads a Throne.

The Rays so languid, and the Shadows great,
Almost his *English* with their Sun would set.

* A fordid Woman's buisie Projects stain
The splendid Annals of that martial Reign.

Still some Remains of Bliss old Age enjoys,
But Time voracious those Remains destroys;
'Till it can nought but naked Life devour:

For this the Dotard weeps, and dreads th' ap-
Grim Death regardless knows not how to save,
But drags the trembling Prey to his ungrateful

* *Alice Pierce.*

80 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

You smile, and call this Preaching; be it so,
 But, Sir, this Preaching does relate to you,
 That the chief Good you wisely may embrace,
 And add fresh Lustre to an ancient Race,
 Nor trifle with your Life, and waste your Days
 In Deeds reproachful, or inglorious Ease.
 Let Reason sway, be deaf to Pleasure's Charms,
 And Death prefer to *Circe's* wanton Arms;
 Never forget what to your God you owe,
 And chearful pay what to your Country's due,
 Firm to your Friend, and to your self be true.
 Be decent, but no Slave to empty Rules,
 The wise Man's Torture, and the Joy of Fools.
 Thus hoary *Mentor* speaks, who loves you well,
 And best the Dangers of your State can tell!
 You yawn, and say you're safe; I say no more,
 But think what Creatures swarm on *Nile's* too
 [fertile Shore.



THE

THE
Story of *ARACHNE*,

FROM

*The Beginning of the Sixth Book of
Ovid's Metamorphosis.*

By Mr. J. G A R.

P *Allas*, attentive heard the Muses Song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their ^{[Wrong ;}
Reflecting thus,—A Vulgar Soul can praise,
My Fame let glorious Emulation raise,
Swift Vengeance shall pursue th' audacious Pride
That dares my Sacred Deity deride.

G

Revenge

Revenge the Goddess in her Breast revolves,
And strait the bold *Arachne's* Fate resolves.
Her haughty Mind to Heav'n disdain'd to bend,
And durst with *Pallas* in her Art contend.
No famous Town she boasts, or noble Name,
But to her Work alone owes all her Fame;
Idmon her Father on his Trade rely'd,
And thirsty Wool in purple Juices dy'd;
Her Mother, whom the Shades of Death confine,
Was, like her Husband, born of Vulgar Line.
At small *Hypæpæ* though she did reside,
Yet Industry proclaim'd what Birth deny'd,
All *Lydia* to her Name due Honour pays,
And ev'ry City speaks *Arachne's* Praise.
Nymphs of *Timolus* quit their shady Woods,
Nymphs of *Pæctolus* leave their Golden Floods,
And oft with Pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her Work, and praise her artful Hand,
They

They view each Motion, with new Wonder seiz'd;
More than the Work her graceful Manner pleas'd.

Whether raw Wool in its first Orbs she wound,
Or with swift Fingers twirl'd the Spindle round,
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty Piece,
Or comb'd like streaky Clouds the stretching ^{[Fleece,}
Whether her Needle play'd the Pencil's part;
'Twas plain from *Pallas* she deriv'd her Art.
But she, unable to restrain her Pride,
The very Mistress of her Art defy'd.
Pallas obscures her bright Celestial Grace,
And takes an Old decrepid Beldam's Face.
Her Head is scatter'd o'er with Silver Hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of Years.
Her trembling Hand, emboss'd with livid Veins,
On trusty Staff her feeble Limbs sustains.

84 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

She thus accosts the Nymph, "Be timely Wife,
 " Do not the wholesome Words of Age despise,
 " For in the Hoary Head Experience lies.
 " On Earth contend the greatest Name to gain;
 " To *Pallas* yield; with Heav'n thou striv'st in vain.

Contempt contracts her Brow, her Passions rise,
 And proud Disdain glares in her rolling Eyes:
 Enrag'd, the tangling Thread away she throws,
 And scarce can curb her threatening Hands from ^{[Blows,}
 " Worn out with Age, and by Disease declin'd,
 " (She cries) thy Carcase has surviv'd thy Mind;
 " These Lectures might thy servile Daughters
 " And wary Doctrines for thy Neices prove; ^{[move,}
 " My Counsel's from myself; my Will commands,
 " And my first Resolution always stands:
 " Let Her contend; or does her Fear impart,
 " That Conquest waits on my superior Art?

The

The Goddess strait throws off her old Disguise,
 And heav'nly Beauty sparkles in her Eyes,
 A youthful Bloom fills up each wrinkled Trace,
 And *Pallas* smiles with ev'ry wonted Grace.
 The Nymphs surpriz'd the Deity adore,
 And *Lydian* Dames confess her matchless Pow'r;
 The Rival Maid alone unmov'd remains,
 Yet a swift Blush her guilty Features stains;
 In her unwilling Cheek the Crimson glows,
 And her check'd Pride a short Confusion knows.
 So when *Aurora* first unveils her Eyes,
 A Purple Dawn invests the blushing Skies,
 But soon bright *Phæbus* gains th'Horizon's height,
 And gilds the Hemisphere with spreading Light.

Desire of Conquest sways the giddy Maid,
 To certain Ruin by vain Hopes betray'd,

86 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

The Goddess with her stubborn Will comply'd,
 And deign'd by Trial to convince her Pride. A
 Both take their Stations, and the Piece prepare,
 And order ev'ry slender Thread with Care;
 The Web inwraps the Beam; the Reed divides,
 While through the wid'ning space the Shuttle ^{[glides,}
 Which their swift Hands receive; then pois'd with
 The swinging Weight strikes close th' inserted ^{[Lead,}
 Each girds her flowing Garments round her Waist, ^{[Thread,}
 And plies her Feet and Arms with dextrous haste.
 Here each inweaves the richest *Tyrian* Dye,
 There fainter Shades in beauteous Order lye;
 Such various Mixtures in the Texture shine,
 Set off the Work, and brighten each design:
 As when the Sun his piercing Rays extends,
 When from thin Clouds some drisly Show'r de-
 We see the spacious Humid Arch appear, ^{[scends.}
 Whose transient Colours paint the splendid Air;

By

By such degrees the deep'ning Shadows rise
As pleasingly deceive our dazled Eyes;
And though the same th' adjoining Colour seems,
Yet Hues of diff'rent Natures dye th' Extremes.
Here height'ning Gold they midst the Woof di-
And in the Web this Antique Story rose. [spose,

Pallas the lofty Mount of *Mars* designs,
Celestial Judgment guides th' unerring Lines;
Here, in just view, th' *Athenian* Structures stand,
And there, the Gods contend to Name the Land;
Twelve Deities she frames with stately Mien,
And in the midst superior *Jove* is seen;
A glowing Warmth the blended Colours give,
And in the Piece each Figure seems to live.
Heav'n's Thundring Monarch sits with awful
And dread Omnipotence imprints his Face: [Grace,

There *Neptune* stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
And with his Trident smote the trembling Ground,
The parting Rocks a spacious Chasm disclose,
From whence a fiery prancing Steed arose;
And on that useful Gift he founds his Claim,
To grace the City with his honour'd Name.
In her own Shape a Warlike Port appears,
A shining Helmet decks her flowing Hairs,
Her thoughtful Breast her well pois'd Shield de-
[fends,
And her bare Arm a glitt'ring Spear extends,
With which she wounds the Plain; from thence
[arose
A spreading Tree, green Olives load the Boughs.
The Pow'rs her Gift behold with wondring Eyes,
And to the Goddess give the rightful Prize.

Such Mercy checks her Wrath, that to dissuade
By others Fate the too presumptuous Maid,

A small design each Corner-space supply'd;
Of the just Downfal of contending Pride.

Hæmus and *Rhodope* in This she wrought,
And beauteous Colours spoke her lively Thought;
With *Arrogance* and fierce *Ambition* fir'd,
They to the sacred Names of Gods aspir'd;
To Mountains chang'd their lofty Heads arise,
And lose their less'ning Summits in the Skies.

In That, in curious Miniature was seen
The wretched Fate of the *Pygmean* Queen;
Juno enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a Crane transforms the vanquish'd Dame;
In that Voracious Shape she still appears,
And plagues her People with perpetual Wars.

In This *Antigone*, for Beauty strove
With the bright Consort of Imperial *Jove*.

90 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Juno incens'd, her Royal Pow'r display'd,
And to a Bird converts the haughty Maid.

Laomedon his Daughter's Fate bewails,
Nor his, nor *Ilion's* earnest Pray'r prevails,
But on her lovely Skin white Feathers rise,
Chang'd to a clam'rous Stork she mounts the Skies:

In the remaining Orb, the heav'nly Maid
The Tale of Childless *Cynaras* display'd,
A settled Anguish in his Look appears,
And from his bloodshot Eyes flow streams of Tears;
On the cold Ground, no more a Father, thrown;
He, for his Daughters, clasp'd the polish'd Stone.
And when he sought t' embrace their wonted
The Temple's Steps deceiv'd his eager Arms. [Charms,
Wreaths of green Olive round the Border twine,
And her own peaceful Tree adorns the fair design.

Arachne

Arachne paints th' Amours of mighty *Jove*, and
 How in a Bull the God disguis'd his Love,
 A real Bull seems in the Piece to roar,
 And real Billows breaking on the Shore:
 In fair *Europa's* Face appears Surprize,
 To the retreating Land she turns her Eyes,
 And seems to call her Maids, who wond'ring stood,
 And with their Tears increas'd the Briny Flood,
 Her trembling Feet she by contraction saves
 From the rude Insults of the rising Waves.

Here Am'rous *Jove* dissolving *Leda* trod,
 And in the vig'rous Swan conceal'd the God.
 Love lends him now an Eagles new Disguise,
 Beneath his flutt'ring Wings *Asteria* lies.
 Here her enliv'ning Colours well express'd
 How *Jove* the fair *Antiope* carefs'd.

92 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

In a strong Satyr's rough-hewn Form he came,
 Infilling Love transports the glowing Dame,
 And lusty Twins reward his nervous Flame.
 Here how he sooth'd the bright *Alcmena's* Love,
 Who for *Amphitryon* took th' Impostor *Jove*.
 And how the God in Golden Show'rs allur'd
 The guarded Nymph in brazen Walls immur'd.
 How, in a Swain, *Mnemösyne* he charms,
 In lambent Flames the fair *Ægina* warms:
 And how with various glitt'ring Hues inlaid
 In Serpent's form *Deöis* he betray'd.
 Here you, great *Neptune*, with a short-liv'd flame
 In a young Bull enjoy'd th' *Æolian* Dame.
 Then in *Enipeus'* Shape Intrigues pursue,
 'Tis thus th' *Aloids* boast Descent from you.
 Here to *Bisaltis* you your Love convey'd,
 And as a Ram deceiv'd the yielding Maid.

Ceres,

Ceres, kind Mother of the bounteous Year,
 Whose Golden Locks a sheafy Garland bear;
 And the dread Dame, whose Head's with Serpents
 From whom the *Pegasean* Courser sprung, [hung,
 Thee in a snuffing Stallion's Form enjoy,
 Exhaust thy Strength, and ev'ry Nerve employ;
Melantho, as a Dolphin you betray,
 And sport in Pleasures on the rolling Sea.
 Such just Proportion graces ev'ry Part,
 Nature her self appears improv'd by Art.
 Here in disguise was mighty *Phæbus* seen
 With clownish Aspect, and a rustick Mien;
 Again transform'd, he's dress'd in Faulcon's Plumes,
 And now the Lyon's noble Shape assumes;
 Now, in a Shepherd's form, with treach'rous Smiles
 He *Macareian Isse's* Heart beguiles.
 Here his plump Shape enamour'd *Bacchus* leaves,
 And in the Grape *Erigone* deceives.

There

94 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

There *Saturn*, in a neighing Horse, she wove,
 And *Chiron*'s double Form rewards his Love.
 Festoons of Flow'rs inwove with Ivy shine,
 Border the wond'rous Piece, and round the Tex-
 [ture twine.

Not *Pallas*, nor ev'n Spleen it self could blame,
 The skilful Work of the *Mæonian* Dame;
 With Grief her vast Success the Goddess bore,
 And of Celestial Crimes th'upbraiding Hist'ry tore.
 Her boxen Shuttle, now enrag'd, she took,
 And thrice the proud *Idmonian* Artist struck:
 Th'unhappy Maid, who found her Labours vain,
 Grew resolute with Pride, and Shame, and Pain.
 Around her Neck a fatal Noose she ties,
 And in Despair to Death for Shelter flies.
Pallas with Pity saw the sudden deed,
 And thus the Virgin's milder Fate decreed.

“ Live,

" Live, Impious Rival, mindful of thy Crime,
 " Suspended thus to waste thy future time,
 " This Punishment involves thy num'rous Race,
 " Who, for thy Fault, inherit thy Disgrace:

Her Incantation Magick Juices aid,
 With which she sprinkles o'er the pendent Maid,
 And thus the Charm its noxious Pow'r display'd.

Like Autumn Leaves she sheds her falling Hairs,
 With these, her Nose, and next her rising Ears,

Her Head to the minutest Substance shrunk,
 And the strong Juice contracts her changing
 Strait to her Sides, her slender Fingers clung,

And there, her nimble Feet, in order hung;
 Her bloated Belly swells to larger size,
 Which now with smallest Threads her Work sup-

The Virgin in the Spider still remains.

And in that Shape her former Art retains.



THE
Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*

PARAPHRAS'D.

An O D E.

By Mr. *B R O O M E*.

WHEN in a glorious terrible Array
From lofty *Paran* th' Almighty took ^{[his way;}
Born on a Cherub's Wings he rode,
Intolerable Day proclaim'd the God;
No Earthly Cloud
Cou'd his Effulgent Brightness shroud;
Glory, and Majesty, and Pow'r,
March'd in a dreadful Pomp before,
Behind

Behind a grim and meagre Train,
Pining Sickness, Frantick Pain
Stalk'd wildly on! with all the dismal Band
Which Heav'n in Anger sends to scourge a guilty
[Land.

II.

With Terror cloath'd he stood,
And all the Rebel Nations view'd,
The Rebel Nations were afraid,
And at his Presence fled;
And, when he spoke, [shook.
The everlasting Hills from their Foundations
The trembling Mountains by a lowly Nod,
With Reverence struck, confess'd the God.
He dealt Affliction from his Van,
And wild Confusion from his Reer.
They thro' the Tents of *Cushan* ran;
The Tents of *Cushan* quak'd with Fear,
And *Midian* trembled with Despair.

98 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

I see his Sword wave naked in the Air;
 It sheds around a baleful Ray;
 The Rains pour down, the Lightnings play,
 And on their Wings vindictive Thunder bear.

III.

When thro' the mighty Flood
 He led the wondring Crowd,
 What ail'd the Rivers that they backward fled,
 Why was the mighty Flood afraid?
 March'd he against the Rivers? or was he
 Thou mighty Flood, displeas'd at Thee?
 The Flood beheld from far
 The Deity, in all his Equipage of War;
 He saw him; and his Tide
 Congeal'd with fear forgot to glide,
 And stood a Crystal Wall on either side.

Arabia's Sands,

Lonely, uncomfortable Lands!

Where

Where no refreshing Rain,
 No gentle Show'rs delight the Swain,
 Oppose their fiery Coasts in vain.

See the great Prophet stand
 Waving the wonder-working Wand ;
 He strikes the stubborn Rock, and lo!
 The stubborn Rock feels the Almighty Blow,
 And from it Streams and rapid Torrents flow.

IV.

Then did the Sun his fiery Coursers stay,
 And backward held the falling Day.
 The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run
 And urge the lazy Hours on.

Time hung his unexpanded Wings;

And all the secret Springs

That carry on the Year

Stop'd in their full Career;

Then the astonish'd Moon

Forgot her going down;

100 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

And paler grew

The dismal Scene to view.

How thro' the trembling Pagan Nation
Th' Almighty Ruin dealt, and ghastly Defolation.

V.

But oh why does th' Almighty frown,

And look with Indignation down?

And why, O *Sion*, reigns

Such Defolation o'er thy Plains?

Lo! how victorious *Babylon*

Like an unruly Deluge rushes on

And bears the yielding Pow'rs of *Israel* down?

For thee how do I mourn,

What Pangs for thee I feel;

Ah! how art thou become the Pagan's Scorn,

Lovely, unhappy *Israel*!

A shivering Damp invades my Heart;

A trembling Horror shoots thro' every Part.

My

My nodding Frame can scarce sustain
 The bitter Load I undergo;
 Speechless I sigh! the envious woe
 Forbids the very Pleasure to complain;
 Forbids my faltering Tongue to tell
 What Pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely, unhappy *Israel*.

VI.

Yet tho' the Fig-tree shou'd no Blossoms bear,
 Tho' Vines defeat the Promise of the Year;
 Yet tho' the Olive shou'd not yield her Oil,
 And the parch'd Glebe delude the Farmer's Toil;
 Tho' the tir'd Ox beneath his Labours fall;
 And pining Herds shou'd perish from the Stall;
 Yet shall my grateful Strings,
 For ever praise thy Name,
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee Everlasting God, the mighty King of Kings



Part of the XXXVIIIth and
XXXIXth Chapters of *Job*.

A PARAPHRASE.

By the same Hand.

THEN from his bright Aëreal Abode,
On Storms and Whirlwinds down th' Al-^{[mighty rode,}
And the loud Voice of Thunder spoke the God. }
He stretch'd his dark Pavilion o'er the Floods,
Harness'd the Winds, and rein'd the dusky Clouds.
Then from his awful Gloom the Godhead spoke,
And at his Voice affrighted Nature shook.

Vain Man! who boldly, with dim Reason's Ray,
Vies with his God, and rivals his full Day!

But

But tell me now, say how this beauteous Frame
Of All things, from the Womb of Nothing came.
When Nature's Lord, by one Almighty Call,
From No where rais'd the World's Capacious Ball?
How the revolving Spheres amid the Sky
In Confort move, and sweetest Harmony?
Why the vast Tide sometimes with wanton Play
In soft *Mæanders* gently glides away:
Anon, why swelling with impetuous Stores
Comes rowling down, and tumbles to the Shores?
By thy Command does fair *Aurora* rise,
And gild with Purple Beams the blushing Skies?
The warbling Lark salutes her chearful Ray,
And welcomes with his Song the rising Day;
The rising Day Ambrosial Dew distils;
Th' Ambrosial Dew with balmy Odours fills
The Flow'rs; the Flow'rs rejoice, and Nature

[smiles.] }

104 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Why awful Night begins her solemn Round,
 With all the Majesty of Darkneſs crown'd.
 Now buſie Nature lies diffus'd in Sleep,
 Huſh'd is the Land, and lull'd the peaceful Deep;
 No Air of Breath diſturbs the drowzy Woods,
 No Whiſpers murmur from the ſilent Floods:
 The ſilver Moon ſheds down a trembling Light,
 And glads the melancholy Face of Night.
 The Stars in order twinkle in the Skies,
 And fall in ſilence, and in ſilence riſe.
 'Till thro' the Gates of Light the radiant Sun
 Iſſues, and leads the circling Minutes on;
 His fiery Courſers bounding from the Main,
 Hurry the Chariot thro' th' Ethereal Plain;
 The fiery Courſers and the Coach diſplay
 A ſtream of Glory, and a flood of Day.
 Did e'er thy Eye deſcend into the Deep,
 Or haſt thou ſeen where infant Tempeſts ſleep?

Was

Was e'er the Grave or Regions of the Night
 Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight?
 Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy State,
 The ghastly Forms, the various Woes that wait
 In terrible Array before her awful Gate?
 Know'st thou where Darknefs bears Eternal Sway,
 Or where's the Source of everlasting Day?
 Why *Eurus* fans the Eastern Regions, born
 Upon the Coursers of the balmy Morn?
 Say, why sometimes the gentle Evening Breeze
 Sleeps on the Waves, or murmurs thro' the Trees;
 Or why the Winds sometimes their Pinions try,
 Whisk o'er the Plain, and battel in the Sky?
 On ruddy Wings why forkky Lightning flies,
 And rowling Thunder grumbles in the Skies?
 Know'st thou why Comets threaten in the Air,
 Heralds of Woes, Destruction, and Despair,
 The Plague, the Sword, and all the Forms of War?

Say

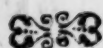
106 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Say why the driving Hail with rushing Sound
 Pours from on high, and rattles on the Ground?
 How hover Snows and wanton in the Air,
 Fall by degrees, and cloath the hoary Year?
 Why Pearly Rain in fruitful Showers flows,
 And on each Bud a sudden Spring bestows?
 Say, can thy Voice when sultry *Sirius* reigns,
 Glows in the Air, and fires the thirsty Plains,
 Call down the Waters, and command the Rains?
 Or, when the Heav'ns are charg'd with gloomy
 And rushing down precipitate in Floods, ^{[Clouds,}
 Chase the dark Horror of the Storm away,
 Restrain the Deluge, and restore the Day?
 By Thee does Summer deck her self with Charms,
 Or hoary Winter lock his frozen Arms?
 Does the pale Lilly or the blushing Rose,
 By thee their Bosoms to the Morn disclose?
 Do Fruits from thee receive their various Hue,
 Sweet to the Smell, and charming to the View?

Say why the Sun arrays with various Dies
 The gawdy Bow, that gilds the gloomy Skies.
 He from his Urn pours forth his Golden Streams,
 And humid Clouds imbibe the glittering Beams.
 Say, canst thou rule the Coursers of the Sun,
 Or lash the lazy Sign *Boötes* on?
 Dost thou instruct the Eagle how to fly,
 To scorn the lower Air, and tow'r the Sky?
 On founding Pinions born he mounts, and shrouds
 His proud aspiring Head among the Clouds.
 Strong-pounc'd and fierce! he darts upon his
 He soars in Triumph thro' th' *Ethereal* way, ^{[Prey,}
 Bears on the Sun, and basks in open Day.
 Does the dread King and Terror of the Wood,
 The Lyon, at thy Hand expect his Food?
 Stung with keen Hunger from his Den he comes,
 Ranges the Plains, and o'er the Forest roams;
 In fullen Majesty he stalks away,
 And Tygers tremble while he seeks his Prey.

108 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Dost thou with Thunder arm the generous Horse,
 Add nervous Limbs, or Swiftneſs for the Courſe?
 Fleet as the Wind he ſhoots along the Plain,
 And knows no Check, nor hears the curbing Rein.
 His fiery Eye-balls formidably bright
 Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light.
 Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms and Trumpets [ſound
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling [Ground.
 He Snuffs the promis'd Battel from afar, [War.
 Neighs at the Captains Shouts and Thunder of the
 Rous'd with the noble Din, and Martial Sight,
 He pants with Tumults of ſevere Delight;
 His ſprightly Blood an even Courſe diſdains,
 Pours from his Heart, and Charges in his Veins.
 He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow,
 Demands the Fight, and ruſhes on the Foe.



THE

THE
PRAYER of JEREMY
PARAPHRAS'D.

*Prophetically representing the Passionate Grief of
the Jewish People, for the Loss of their Town
and Sanctuary.*

By Mr. S O U T H C O T T.

I.

STand, Sun of Justice! Sovereign God most high!

In *Libra* fix thy Bench of Equity,

And weigh our Cause——

Look down on Earth, nay look as low again,

As we're inferior to the worst of Men;

We

110
~~101~~ *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

We Wretched, once, like thy Archangels, Bright,
Are cast down headlong with diminish'd Light.
So Meteors fall, and as they downwards fly,
Leave a long Train of less'ning Light, and die.

II.

Then let that other smoother Face of thine,
The Sun of Mercy, take its turn and shine.
If not alone, at least to mix Allays,
And streak thy Justice with alternate Rays,
To see and pity our Distress; for oh!
As thou'rt exalted, our Condition's low.

III.

Houses, Estates, our Temple and our Town,
Which Heav'n and Birthright long had made our
To barb'rous Nations now are fall'n a Prey, [own,
And we from all we love, are torn away.
Thus early Orphans whilst our Fathers live,
We know no Comfort, they no Comfort give:

Our

TRANSLATIONS. III

Our Mothers are but Widows under Chains
Of Wedlock, and of all their Nuptial Gains,
None of the Mother but the Pangs remains.

IV.

Famish'd with Want, we Wilds and Desarts tread,
And fainting, wander for our needful Bread,
Where Wolves and Tygers round in Ambush lie,
And Hosts with naked Swords stand threatning by.
But keener Hunger, more a Beast of Prey,
More sharp than these, more ravenous than they,
Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tygers, breaks

V.

The Fowls, and Beasts, and ev'ry *Sylvan* Kind,
Down to the meanest Insects Heav'n design'd,
To be the Slaves of Man, were always free
Of Waters, Woods, and common Air; but we,
We Slaves, and Beasts, and more than Insects vile,
That half-born wanton on the Banks of *Nile*,
Are

112 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Are glad to buy the Leavings they can spare
Of Waters, Woods, and the more common Air.

VI.

With Loads of Chains our Foes pursue their Stroke,
And lug our aking Necks beneath their Yoke:
No Intermiffion gives the Weary Breath,
But endless Drudging drags us on to Death.
Our Cries ascend, and like a Trumpet blow,
All *Egypt* and *Affyria* hear our Woe:

Here, Nights we labour; there, whole Days we
And barely earn the heartless Bread we eat. ^{[fweat,}

VII.

Our old Fore-Fathers finn'd, and are no more,
They pawn'd their Children to defray their Score.
Thrice happy they! by Death from Suffering freed,
But all our Fathers Scourges lash their Seed.
Vengeance, at which great *Zion's* Entrails shakes,
Shoots thro' the inmost of the Soul, and rakes,

Where

Where Pride lurks deepest, there we feel our Pain,
 Our Slaves are Masters, and our Menials reign.
 Whilst we unrescu'd send our Cries around,
 To seek Relief, but no Relief is found.

VIII.

Look on our Cheeks, and in each Furrow trace
 Pale Famine, staring in the meagre Face.
 The driving Tempest lets its Fury go,
 And pours upon us, in a Burst of Woe.
 The Signs of conscious Guilt our Brows impart,
 Black as our Sin, and harden'd as our Heart.

IX.

From *Zion's* Mount the humble Matrons cry,
 With mournful Eccho's, *Juda's* Maids reply,
 Beneath our haughty Foes destructive Hands
 Our Great Ones fall; not sacred Age withstands
 Their impious Scoffs; our Youth, in bloomy Prime,
 Compell'd, submit to their indecent Crime,
 And Children whelm'd with Labour, fall before
 I Thus

114 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Thus Prince and People, Infancy and Age,
Promiscuous Objects of an impious Rage,
But serve to haunt us wheresoe'er we go,
With horrid Scenes of Universal Woe.

X.

Old Men no more in *Zion's* Council sit,
Nor young in Conforts of her Musick meet;
Such foolish Change fond Profligates devise,
The Old turn Singers, and the Young advise;
Perverted Order to Confusion runs,
And all th'inverted Musick ends in Groans;
Zion, thy ancient Glories are decay'd,
Thy Lawrels wither, and thy Garlands fade;
Oh Sin! 'tis thou hast this Destruction made.

XI.

'Tis *Zion* then, 'tis *Zion* we deplore,
For her we grieve, for *Zion* is no more;
Our Eyes condole in Tears, and jointly smart
With all the Anguish of an aking Heart:

TRANSLATIONS. 115

Who can refrain, to see the woful Sight,
All Nations Envy, and the World's Delight,
Now grown a Defart, where the Foxes range,
And howling Wolves lament the dismal Change.

XII.

But the firm Footstool of thy Throne shall be
Th' unshaken Base of fix'd Eternity:
Great God! by thee must we forsaken lie;
Or lost for ever, in Oblivion die:
Turn but to us, O Lord, we'll mend our Ways,
Ah! once restore the Joys of ancient Days;
E'en tho' we seem the Outcasts of thy Care,
Refuse of Death, and Gleanings of the War,
Resume the Father, and let Sinners know,
Thy Mercy's greater than thy People's Woe.



ON A
FLOWER
WHICH

Belinda gave me from her Bosom.

By Mr. *B R O O M E*.

SAY, lovely Off-spring of the *May*,
So sweetly fair, so richly gay;
Say, where a Flow'r so beauteous grows,
Or whence thy balmy Odour flows.
Such balmy Odour is not found,
On *Indian* nor *Arabian* Ground:
A Store of such a rich Perfume
Must from *Belinda's* Bosom come;
Thence, thence such Sweets are spread abroad
As might be Incense for a God.

But

But while, sweet Gift, thy Glories last,
 (Which O! tho' great must quickly waste,)
 Shew, by thy Beauties and Perfumes,
 Shew fair *Belinda* how she blooms.
 Put on thy Charms, thy fairest Dress,
 And when they all are on, confess
 How much they all than hers are less.
 Then by a sudden swift Decay
 Let all thy Beauties fade away,
 And let her in thy Glass descry
 How Youth, and how soft Beauty die.

And lo! it droops, and fades, and dies,
 And with faint Sweets perfumes the Skies.
 It folds its Leaves, and sheds its Hue,
 Tho' while 'twas Yours it charm'd the View
 As when it in the Garden grew.
 The fragrant Flow'rs of *Eden* so
 In Paradise would only grow;

118 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

So the sweet-smelling *Indian* Flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave those happy Shores,
Sicken and pine away in ours.

I now, as once I did, no more
Deride th' *Ægyptians*, that adore
The rising Herb and blooming Flow'r.
Now, now their Convert I will be,
O lovely Flow'r, to worship thee.

But if thou'rt one of their sad Train,
That dy'd for Love, and cold Disdain;
That, chang'd by some kind pitying Pow'r,
A Lover once, art now a Flow'r;
O pity me, O weep my Care,
A thousand, thousand Pains I bear,
I love, I die thro' sad Despair.



Ovid.

Ovid. Amor. Eleg. 16. Lib. 2.

To his MISTRESS.

By Mr. CROMWELL.

SULMO's one Third of the *Pelinian* Land,
 Whose little Space indulgent Nature fram'd
 For all the Pleasures of a sweet Retreat;
 And here has bounteous Fortune fix'd my Seat:
 Here o'er the Grounds a pleasing Verdure spreads,
 And the bright Streams enamel all the Meads;
 Here Corn and Wine enrich the fruitful Fields,
 And the kind Soil the luscious Olive yields:
 Tho' now the raging *Dog-Star* mounted high
 Cleaves the parch'd Earth, and blasts the sultry Sky;

120 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Yet shady Groves, where a refreshing Breeze
 In gentle Whispers fans the neighbouring Trees,
 And Riv'lets which in various Windings run
 Rebate the fierce Approaches of the Sun.
 Far off is the fair Author of my Flame!
 Yet ardent Love is here, and Love is still the same.
 Curs'd be the Man who taught us first to Rove,
 If we must thus abandon all we Love;
 There's no supporting of your Absence, here,
 Tho' Paradise was open'd all the Year;
 I'd sooner a Coelestial Orb forgo,
 Than gain it, by so vast a Loss as you:
 But with a Mistress' charming Presence blest
 With Pleasure might the rugged *Alps* be past,
 The *Lybian Syrtes*, and *Numidian Waste*.

With you I'd trust my Sails to Southern Wind,
 To *Scylla's* Rock, *Charybdis* Gulph resign'd
 And cast all Fear of future Ills behind:

If all the blustering Winds shou'd swell the Seas,
 Nor intervening Gods their Rage appease,
 Since bold *Leander* brav'd their loud Alarms,
 The Light extinct which led to Hero's Arms;
 Wou'd you those snowy Arms around me cast,
 I'd bear them all, and grasp my Treasure fast.
 Here, tho' luxuriant Vines oppress the Land,
 And Rivers ebb and flow, when we command;
 Tho' universal Nature seems to smile,
 Scarce can I think I view my native Soil:
 O'er *Sythian* Wilds, and *Caucasus* I rove;
 All, without you, must Rocks and Desarts prove.
 Trees can enjoy their Loves;---an Elm the Vine,
 These I behold in strict Embraces twine;
 Why then, ye cruel Powers, am I divorc'd from }
 Absence, you swore, shou'd ne'er disturb our Joys, }
 By me you swore, and by my Stars, your Eyes. }
 Light as Autumnal Leaves are Female Vows,
 Shook and dispers'd with ev'ry Wind that blows!

122 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

If in your Heart I have the least Remains,
Or if my Passion may deserve your Pains,
Oh haste away---Let your swift Chariot move,
As if 'twas born upon the Wings of Love;
Then, as you pass, let Mountains Homage pay,
And bow their Tow'ring Heads to smooth your
[Way.



THE

THE
STORY
OF
ARETHUSA,

TRANSLATED
From the Fifth Book of OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

Ceres desires to know the wondrous Cause
Why *Arethusa* now a Fountain flows.

[flood,
The Streams their Murmurs hush'd and silent
Whose Goddess's strait appear'd above the Flood;
And dry'd the Sea-green Tresses of her Head,
And told *Alpheus'* ancient Love, and said.

A Nymph I was, and of th' *Achaian* Train,
 That ne'er drew Bow, nor darted Spear in vain;
 None bent more eagerly the Toils to set,
 To chase the Boar, or pathless Woods to beat.
 And tho' no Toys, no Dress I made my Care,
 Tho' bold; yet was I still reputed Fair.
 Our Female Arts I scorn'd, preventing Praise,
 And simple, thought it ev'n a Crime to please.

One Day as from *Stymphalus*' Wood I came,
 Hot with the Chace, the Sun encreas'd my Flame;
 Unruffled in its Course a Flood I spy'd,
 So calm, so smooth, it scarcely seem'd to glide;
 So deep, and yet so clear, that ev'ry Stone,
 With borrow'd Lustre, from the bottom shone.
 The pendent Banks with hoary Willows crown'd
 Diffus'd a sweet, refreshing Shade around.

I came, and in the Brink my Foot I dipp'd;
 Then to the Knee in dimpling Curls I slipp'd;
 Nor cool'd, upon a Bough my Veil I hung:
 And, on the Bank my airy Garments flung,
 Into the bounding Tyde I naked leap;
 And as I frisk'd and wanton'd in the Deep,
 Amidst the bubbling Flood surpriz'd I hear
 A hollow gurgling Noise, and struck with Fear
 I shriek'd, and rushing made the nearer side,
 When rising from his Waves *Alpheus* cry'd,
 Oh! whither, *Arethusa*! dost thou fly?
 Whither! he shouted with an eager Cry.

Just as I was, without my Cloaths I fled;
 (Upon the other Bank my Cloaths were laid)
 The more did he with raging Passion burn,
 Naked he thought me fitter for his Turn.

As

126 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S *and*

As the Dove trembling from the Faulcon flies;
 As his fleet Wings th' approaching Falcon plies:
 So hasten'd I, so he pursu'd his Prize.
 Thro' the *Menalian* Groves I sped my Flight,
 And gain'd with weary Steps *Cyllene's* Height.
 Nor swifter he, but of superior Force
 To lengthen out the long, laborious Course.
 Yet over shaggy Hills with Brakes o'erspread,
 And craggy Rocks and desert Wilds I fled.
 Before my Feet I saw a monstrous Shade,
 Unless my Fear that frightful Phantom made:
 Howe'er his sounding Steps and puffing Breath;
 That fann'd my Tresses, frighted me to Death.
 Spent with the Labour of the Flight, (I said)
 I'm caught! *Diana!* oh! thy Huntress aid.
 Help in Distress the Nymph that us'd to bear
 Thy Bow, thy Quiver, and thy pointed Spear.

The Goddeſs heard my Pray'r, and deign'd to
My panting Body in a pitchy Cloud. [ſhroud

Here tho' I vaniſh'd from *Alpheus*' ſight,
Yet ſtill impatient to purſue the Flight,
Twice he ſurveyſs the Cloud with ſearching Eyes,
And *Arethuſa*! *Arethuſa*! cries.

[main?
To me what Strength! what Life did then re-
No more, than to the Lamb, that hears with Pain
The howling Wolf around th' Encloſure rove,
Yet from its helpleſs Mother dares not move.
Nor went he on, but kept the Cloud and Place;
For he my Footſteps cou'd no further trace.
O'er all my Limbs an oozing Sweat appears,
My weeping Eyes pour out a Flow of Tears.
Big azure Drops my dewy Hairs diſtil,
From every Pore deſcends a trickling Rill.

My

My whole dissolving Body liquid grows,
 And where I mov'd my Foot a Current flows,
 Nay, sooner than I now the Change relate,
 I'm all afloat. Yet conscious of my Fate,
 The River-God dissolv'd his Form Divine,
 And reasum'd his Streams to mix with mine.
Diana cleft the Ground. Through winding Caves
 Long time I stray'd unmix'd with Briny Waves.
 At length, to kind *Ortygia's* Shore convey'd,
 In silver Streams I rear'd my watry Head.



THE
F A B L E
O F

Vertumnus and Pomona;

FROM

*The Fourteenth Book of OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.*

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit—&c.

By Mr. P O P E.

THE fair *Pomona* flourish'd in his Reign;
Of all the Virgins of the Sylvan Train,
None taught the Trees a nobler Race to bear,
Or more improv'd the Vegetable Care.
To her the shady Grove, the flow'ry Field,
The Streams and Fountains, no Delights^{[yield;} cou'd
K 'Twas

130 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

'Twas all her Joy the ripening Fruits to tend,
 And view the Boughs with happy Burthens bend.
 No Dart she wielded, but a Hook did bear,
 To lop the Growth of the luxuriant Year,
 To decent Form the lawless Shoots to bring,
 And teach th' obedient Branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft Rind inserted Graffs receives,
 And yields an Off-spring more than Nature gives;
 Now sliding Streams the thirsty Plants renew,
 And feed their Fibres with reviving Dew.

These Cares alone her Virgin Breast imploy,
 Averse from *Venus* and the Nuptial Joy;
 Her private Orchards wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless Sylvans all Access deny'd.
 How oft the *Satyrs* and the wanton *Fawns*,
 Who haunt the Forests or frequent the Lawns,
 The God whose Ensign scares the Birds of Prey,
 And old *Silenus*, youthful in Decay,

Imploy'd their Wiles and unavailing Care,
 To pass the Fences, and surprize the Fair?
 But most *Vertumnus* did his Love profess,
 With greater Passion, but with like Success;
 To gain her Sight, a thousand Forms he wears,
 And first a Reaper from the Field appears,
 Sweating he walks, while Loads of golden Grain
 O'ercharge the Shoulders of the seeming Swain.
 Oft o'er his Back a crooked Scythe is laid,
 And Wreaths of Hay his Sun-burnt Temples shade;
 Oft in his harden'd Hand a Goad he bears,
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating Steers.
 Sometimes his Pruning-hook corrects the Vines,
 And the loose Straglers to their Ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous Year allows,
 He pulls ripe Apples from the bending Boughs.
 A Soldier now, he with his Sword appears;
 A Fisher next, his trembling Angle bears.

132 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Each Shape he varies, and each Art he tries,
On her bright Charms to feast his longing Eyes.

A Female Form at last *Vertumnus* wears,
With all the Marks of rev'rend Age appears,
His Temples thinly spread with silver Hairs:
Prop'd on his Staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted Mitre shades his furrow'd Brows.
The God, in this decrepit Form array'd,
The Gardens enter'd, and the Fruits survey'd,
And *happy You!* (he thus address'd the Maid)
Whose Charms as far all other Nymphs out-shine,
As other Gardens are excell'd by thine!
Then kiss'd the Fair; (his Kisses warmer grow
Than such as Women on their Sex bestow.)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry Ground,
Beheld the Trees with Autumn's Bounty crown'd;

An

An Elm was near, to whose Embraces led,
 The curling Vine her swelling Clusters spread;
 He view'd their twining Branches with Delight,
 And prais'd the Beauty of the pleasing Sight.

Yet this tall Elm, but for his Vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected and a barren Shade;
 And this fair Vine, but that her Arms surround
 Her marry'd Elm, had crept along the Ground.
 Ah beauteous Maid, let this Example move
 Your Mind, averse from all the Joys of Love.
 Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry Heart subdue! [you?
 What Nymph cou'd e'er attract such Crowds as
 Not she whose Beauty urg'd the *Centaur's* Arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor *Helen's* fatal Charms.
 Ev'n now, when silent Scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,

134 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *And*

A thousand Sylvans, Demigods, and Gods,
 That haunt our Mountains and our *Alban* Woods.
 But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom Age and long Experience render wise,
 And one whose tender Care is far above
 All that these Lovers ever felt of Love,
 (Far more than e'er can by your self be guest)
 Fix on *Vertumnus*, and reject the rest.
 For his firm Faith I dare engage my own,
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
 To distant Lands *Vertumnus* never roves;
 Like you, contented with his Native Groves;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the Fair;
 For you he lives; and you alone shall share
 His last Affection, as his early Care.
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
 With Youth Immortal and with Beauty blest.

Add,

Add, that he varies ev'ry Shape with ease,
 And tries all Forms, that may *Pomona* please:
 But what shou'd most excite a mutual Flame,
 Your Rural Cares, and Pleasures, are the same.
 To him your Orchards early Fruits are due,
 (A pleasing Off'ring when 'tis made by you;)
 He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest Gift remains.
 Not the fair Fruit that on yon' Branches glows
 With that ripe red th' Autumnal Sun bestows,
 Nor tastful Herbs that in these Gardens rise,
 Which the kind Soil with milky Sap supplies;
 You, only you, can move the God's Desire:
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a Fire!
 Let soft Compassion touch your gentle Mind;
 Think, 'tis *Vertumnus* begs you to be kind!
 So may no Frost, when early Buds appear,
 Destroy the Promise of the youthful Year;

136 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Nor Winds, when first your florid Orchard blows,
Shake the light Blossoms from their blasted Boughs!

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He strait assum'd his Native Form again;
Such, and so bright an Aspect now he bears,
As when thro' Clouds th' emerging Sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent Ray,
Dispels the Darknes and reveals the Day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash Design;
For when, appearing in a Form Divine,
The Nymph survey'd him, and beheld the Grace
Of charming Features and a youthful Face,
A sudden Passion in her Breast did move,
And the warm Maid confess'd a mutual Love.



TO A
YOUNG LADY,
WITH THE
Works of VOITURE.

By the same Hand.

IN these gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line; ^{[shine,}
His easie Art may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are Elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar Fate,
Who without Flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great;
Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read;
With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred;
His

138 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

His Heart, his Mistress and his Friend did share;
 His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair,
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
 Chearful, he play'd the Trifle, Life, away,
 'Till Death scarce felt did o'er his Pleasures creep,
 As smiling Infants sport themselves to Sleep:
 Ev'n Rival Wits did *Voiture's* Fate deplore,
 And the Gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
 The truest Hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with Sighs;
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes;
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* Death,
 But that for ever in his Lines they breath.

Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be
 A long, exact, and serious Comedy,
 In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach,
 And, if it can, at once both Please and Preach:

Let

Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay Farce appear,
And more Diverting still than Regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace;
No matter for the Rules of Time and Place.
Criticks in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much *your Sex* is by their Forms confin'd;
Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your [Guide;
Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame;
Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame.
Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chace,
But sets up One, a greater, in their Place;
Well might you wish for Change, by those accurst,
But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst.

Still

140 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Still in Constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains;
 Whole Years neglected for some Months ador'd,
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord;
 Ah quit not the free Innocence of Life!
 For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife!
 Nor let false Shows, or empty Titles please;
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamela* with her Pray'rs,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,
 And to compleat her Blifs, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in *Balls*, *Front-boxes*, and the *Ring*,
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
 Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward Part,
 She sighs, and is no *Dutchess* at her Heart.

But,

TRANSLATIONS. 141

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing Victim too,
 Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms;
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
 Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past:
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like That decay,
 Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a Day,
 As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn;
 A Morning's Pleasure, and at Evening torn:
This binds in Ties more easie, yet more strong,
 The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

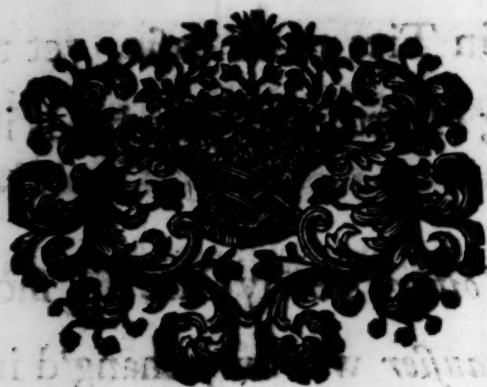
Thus * *Voiture's* early Care still shone the same,
 And *Monthausier* was only chang'd in Name ;
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling and their Flames still
 [warm.

* *Mademoiselle Paulet.*

Now

142 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' *Elysian* Coast,
Amidst those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost,
Pleas'd while with Smiles his happy Lines you view,
And finds a fairer *Ramboillet* in you.
The brightest Eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muse,
The brightest Eyes of *Britain* now peruse,
And dead as living, 'tis our Author's Pride,
Still to charm those who charm the World beside.



TWO

TWO

COPIES of VERSES,

WRITTEN

Some Years since in Imitation of the Style of
Two Persons of Quality.

By the same Hand.

On SILENCE.

I.

Silence! Coeval with Eternity;

Thou wert e'er Nature first began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, All, and All slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the Sway, e'er Heav'n was form'd or
Earth,
E'er fruitful *Thought* conceiv'd Creation's Birth,
[forth.
Or Midwife *Word* gave Aid, and I spoke the Infant

III. Then

III.

Then various Elements against thee join'd,
In one more various Animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous Race of busie Human-^{[kind.}

IV.

The Tongue mov'd gently first, and Speech was
'Till wrangling *Science* taught it Noise and Show,^{[low,}
And wicked *Wit* arose, thy most abusive Foe.

V.

But Rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the Maze of Words, he turns again,
And seeks a surer State, and courts thy gentler^{[Reign.}

VI.

Afflicted *Sense* thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with Argumental Tyranny,
And routed *Reason* finds a safe Retreat in thee.

VII. With

VII.

With thee in private modest *Dulness* lies,
And in thy Bosom lurks in *Thought's* Disguise;
Thou Varnisher of *Fools*, and Cheat of all the *Wise*.

VIII.

Yet thy Indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the Breast,
 And 'tis in thee at last that *Wisdom* seeks for Rest.

IX.

Silence, the Knave's Repute, the Whore's good
The only Honour of the wishing Dame ;
Thy very want of Tongue makes thee a kind of

X.

But cou'dst thou seize some Tongues that now
 How Church and State wou'd be oblig'd to thee?
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wou'dst thou

XI.

Yet *Speech*, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From *Rights* of *Subjects*, and the *Poor Man's*
 Then pompous *Silence* reigns, and stills the noise

XII.

Past Services of Friends, good Deeds of Foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what th'Exchequer
 Fly the forgetful World, and in thy Arms repose.

XIII.

The Country Wit, Religion of the Town,
 The Courtier's Learning, Policy o'th' Gown,
 Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The Parson's Cant, the Lawyer's Sophistry,
 Lord's Quibble, Critick's Jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in Peace at last, and sleep eternally.

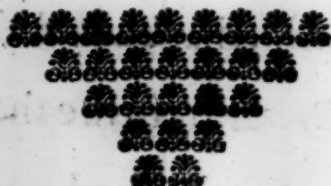


TO THE
AUTHOR *of a* POEM,
INTITLED,
S U C C E S S I O.

BEgone ye Criticks, and restrain your Spite,
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write;
The heaviest Muse the swiftest Course has gone,
As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.
What tho' no Bees around your Cradle flew,
Nor on your Lips distill'd their golden Dew?
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead,
A Swarm of Drones, that buzz'd about your Head.
When you, like *Orpheus*, strike the warbling Lyre,
Attentive Blocks stand round you, and admire.

148 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Wit, past thro' thee, no longer is the same,
 As Meat digested takes a diff'rent Name;
 But Sense must sure thy safest Plunder be,
 Since no Reprizals can be made on thee.
 Thus thou may'st Rise, and in thy daring Flight
 (Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height;
 So, forc'd from Engines, Lead it self can fly,
 And pondrous Slugs move nimbly thro' the Sky.
 Sure *Bavius* copy'd *Mævius* to the full,
 And *Charilus* taught *Codrus* to be dull;
 Therefore, dear Friend, at my Advice give o'er
 This needless Labour, and contend no more,
 To prove a dull *Succession* to be true,
 Since 'tis enough we find it so in You.



A
P O E M

To the Memory of
Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS*.
To a FRIEND.

By Mr. *EDMUND SMITH*.

S I R,
SINCE our *Isis* silently deplores
The Bard who spread her Fame to distant ^{[Shores;}
Since nobler Pens their mournful Lays suspend;
My honest Zeal, if not my Verse, commend, }
Forgive the Poet, and approve the Friend.

150 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Your Care had long his fleeting Life restrain'd,
 One Table fed you, and one Bed contain'd;
 For his dear Sake long restless Nights you bore,
 While rat'ling Coughs his heaving Vessels tore,
 Much was his Pain, but your Affliction more.

Oh! had no Summons from the noisy Gown
 Call'd thee, unwilling, to the nauseous Town,
 Thy Love had o'er the dull Disease prevail'd,
 Thy Mirth had cur'd where baffled Physick fail'd;
 But since the Will of Heav'n his Fate decreed,
 To thy kind Care my worthless Lines succeed;
 Fruitless our Hopes, tho' pious our Essays,
 Yours to preserve a Friend, and mine to praise.

Oh! might I paint him in *Miltonian* Verse,
 With Strains like those he sung on *Gloster's* Herse;
 But with the meaner Tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
 And wanting Strenth to rise, descend to Rhyme.

With

TRANSLATIONS. 151

With other Fire his glorious *Blenheim* shines,
 And all the Battel thunders in his Lines;
 His nervous Verse great *Boileau's* Strength tran-
 And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchill*, bends. ^{[scends,}

Oh! various Bard, you all our Pow'rs controul,
 You now disturb, and now divert the Soul:
Milton and *Butler* in thy Muse combine,
 Above the last thy manly Beauties shine;
 For as I've seen when Rival Wits contend,
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
 This on quick Turns and Points in vain relies,
 This with a Look demure, and steddý Eyes, }
 With dry Rebukes, or sneering Praise replies.
 So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,
 Reach *Butler's* Fancy, but surpass his Style;
 He speaks *Scarron's* low Phrase in humble Strains,
 In Thee the solemn Air of great *Cervantes* reigns.

152 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

What founding Lines his abject Themes exprefs,
 What fhining Words the pompous *Shilling* drefs?
 There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies
 The frailer Piles which o'er its Ruins rife.
 In her beft Light the Comick Mufe appears,
 When ſhe, with borrow'd Pride, the Buſkin wears.

So when Nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
 With ſhambling Legs, long Chin, and fooliſh Eyes;
 With dangling Hands he ſtrokes th'Imperial Robe,
 And, with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe;
 The pomp and ſound the whole Buffoon diſplay'd,
 And *Ammon's* Son more Mirth than *Gomez* made.

Forgive, dear Shade, the Scene my Folly draws,
 Thy Strains divert the Grief thy Aſhes cauſe:
 When *Orpheus* ſings the Ghoſts no more complain,
 But, in his lulling Muſick, loſe their Pain:

TRANSLATIONS. 153

So charm the Sallies of thy *Georgick* Muse,
 So calm our Sorrows, and our Joys infuse;
 Here rural Notes a gentle Mirth inspire,
 Here lofty Lines the kindling Reader fire,
 Like that fair Tree you praise, the Poem charms,
 Cools like the Fruit, or like the Juice it warms.

Blest Clime, which *Vaga's* fruitful Streams im-
Etruria's Envy, and her *Cosmo's* Love; [prove,
 Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* Vine,
 Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scud'more's* Wine, }
 And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine.

Rise, rise, *Roscommon*, see the *Blenheim* Muse,
 The dull Constraint of monkish Rhyme refuse;
 See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring Pinions soar,
 Where never *English* Poet reach'd before:

154 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

See mighty *Cosmo's* Counfeller and Friend,
 By turns on *Cosmo* and the Bard attend;
 Rich in the Coyns and Busts of ancient *Rome*,
 In him he brings a nobler Treasure home;
 In them he views her Gods, and Domes design'd,
 In him the Soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty Mind:
 To him for Ease retires from Toils of State,
 Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spencer*, first by *Pisan* Poets taught,
 To us their Tales, their Style, and Numbers brought.
 To follow ours now *Tuscan* Bards descend,
 From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spencer* lend,
 Like *Philips* too the Yoke of Rhyme disdain;
 They first on *English* Bards impos'd the Chain,
 First by an *English* Bard from Rhyme their Free-
 [dom gain.]

Tyran-

Tyrannick Rhyme, that cramps to equal Chime,
 The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime;
 Some say this Chain the doubtful Sense decides,
 Confines the Fancy, and the Judgment guides;
 I'm sure in needless Bonds it Poets tyes,
Procrustes like, the Ax or Wheel applies,
 To lop the mangled Sense, or stretch it into size:
 At best a Crutch that lifts the weak along,
 Supports the feeble, but retards the strong,
 And the chance Thoughts, when govern'd by the
 Oft rise to Fustian, or descend to Prose. [close,
 Your Judgment, *Philips*, rul'd with steady sway,
 You us'd no curbing Rhyme, the Muse to stay,
 To stop her Fury, or direct her Way.
 Thee on the Wing thy uncheck'd Vigor bore,
 To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd Cord the Shackle-Dancer tries,
 As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;

156 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

When freed he moves, the sturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant Ground,
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound.

Rail on, ye Triflers, who to *Will's* repair
For new Lampoons, fresh Cant, or modish Air;
Rail on at *Milton's* Son, who wisely bold
Rejects new Phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spencer's* Strains,
In *Maro's* Page reviving *Ennius* reigns;
The ancient Words the Majesty compleat,
And make the Poem venerably great:
So when the Queen in royal Habit's drest,
Old mystick Emblems grace th' Imperial Vest,
And in *Eliza's* Robes all *Anna* stands confest.

A haughty Bard to Fame by Volumes rais'd,
At *Dick's*, and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,

Cries out aloud — Bold *Oxford* Bard forbear
 With rugged Numbers to torment my Ear;
 Yet not like thee the heavy Critick soars,
 But paints in Fustian, or in turn deplores;
 With *Bunyan's* Style profanes heroic Songs,
 To the tenth Page lean Homilies prolongs;
 For far-fetch'd Rhymes makes puzzled Angels strain,
 And in low Prose dull *Lucifer* complain;
 His envious Muse by native Dullness curst,
 Damns the best Poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his Praise or Blame thy Works prevail,
 Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
 Great *Milton's* Wing on lower Themes subsides,
 And *Dryden* oft in Rhyme his Weakness hides;
 You ne'er with jingling Words deceive the Ear,
 And yet, on humble Subjects, great appear.

Thrice

158 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Thrice happy Youth whom noble *Isis* crowns!
 Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* owns;
 So on the tuneful *Margarita's* Tongue
 The list'ning Nymphs, and ravish'd Heroes hung;
 But Citts and Fops the Heav'n-born Musick blame,
 And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into Fame;
 Like her sweet Voice is thy harmonious Song,
 As high, as sweet, as easie, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
 The tow'ring Bard had sung in nobler Lays,
 How the last Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead,
 How Saints aloft the Cross triumphant spread;
 How op'ning Heav'ns their happy Regions show,
 And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance ^{[glow,}
 And Saints rejoyce above, and Sinners howl be- ^[low:]
 Well might he sing the Day he could not fear,
 And paint the Glories he was sure to wear.

Oh

Oh best of Friends, will ne'er the silent Urn
 To our just Vows the hapless Youth return?
 Must he no more divert the tedious Day?
 Nor sparkling Thoughts in antique Words convey?
 No more to harmless Irony descend,
 To noisy Fools a grave Attention lend,
 Nor merry Tales with learn'd Quotations blend?
 No more in false pathetick Phrase complain
 Of *Delia's* Wit, her Charms, and her Disdain?
 Who now shall God-like *Anna's* Fame diffuse?
 Must she, when most she merits, want a Muse?
 Who now our *Twyfden's* glorious Fate shall tell;
 How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:
 How, while the troubled Elements around,
 Earth, Water, Air, the stunning Dinn resound;
 Through Streams of Smoak, and adverse Fire he
 While ev'ry Shott is levell'd at his Sides; [rides,

How,

160 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
And the fam'd *Eugene's* Iron Troops retire,
In the first Front amidst a slaughter'd Pile,
High on the Mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom shall I find unbiass'd in Dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the Labours of my Soul disclose,
Reveal my Pleasure, or discharge my Woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly Youth for ever ends
The Best of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends.
He sacred Friendship's strictest Laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
Against himself his Gratitude maintain'd,
By Favours past, not future Prospects gain'd:
Not nicely chusing, tho' by all desir'd,
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd:

Candid

Candid to all, but to himself severe,
 In Humour pliant, as in Life austere:
 A wise Content his even Soul secur'd,
 By Want not shaken, nor by Wealth allur'd.
 To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
 Could praise a Rival, or condemn a Friend.
 To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known.
 Their Tongues, their Spirits, and their Styles his ^{[own:}
 Pleas'd the least steps of famous Men to view,
 Our Authors Works, and Lives, and Souls he knew;
 Paid to the Learn'd and Great the same Esteem,
 The one his Pattern, and the one his Theme:
 With equal Judgment his capacious Mind
 Warm *Pindar's* Rage, and *Euclid's* Reason joyn'd.
 Judicious Physick's noble Art to gain
 All Drugs and Plants explor'd, alas in vain!
 The Drugs and Plants their drooping Master fail'd,
 Nor Goodness now, nor Learning ought avail'd;

162 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Yet to the Bard his *Churchill's* Soul they gave,
And made him scorn the Life they could not save;

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal Guest,
The Weight that all his fainting Limbs oppress, }
The Coughs that struggled from his weary Breast? }
Could he unmov'd approaching Death sustain?
Its slow Advances, and its racking Pain?
Could he serene his weeping Friends survey,
In his last Hours his easie Wit display, }
Like the rich Fruit he sings, delicious in decay? }

Once on thy Friends look down, lamented Shade,
And view the Honours to thy Ashes paid;
Some thy lov'd Dust in *Parian* Stones enshrine,
Others immortal Epitaphs design; }
With Wit, and Strength, that only yields to thine: }

Even

Even I, though slow to touch the painful String,
 Awake from Slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,
 And gentle *Isis* soft Complaints returns;
Dormer laments amidst the Wars Alarms,
 And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tuiston's* Arms:
 Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerſet* deplores,
 And ev'n that charming Scene his Grief reſtores:
 He to thy Loſs each mournful Air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
 But moſt at *Virgil's* Tomb his ſwelling Sorrows
 [riſe.]

But you, his darling Friends, lament no more,
 Display his Fame, and not his Fate deplore;
 And let no Tears from erring Pity flow,
 For One that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.



THE
D R E A M.

THE

Fifth Elegy of the Third Book of
OVID'S AMOURS.

By Mr. CROMWELL.

'T Was in the midst, and silent dead of Night,
When heavy Sleep oppress'd my weary ^{[Sight,} }
This Vision did my troubled Mind affright.
To *Sol* expos'd there stood a rising Ground,
Which cast beneath a spacious Shade around;
A gloomy Grove of spreading Oaks below,
And various Birds were perch'd on ev'ry Bough:

Just

Just on the Margin of a Verdant Mead,
Where murmuring Brooks refreshing Waters ^{[spread:}
To shun the Heat I sought this cool Recess;
But in this Shade I felt my Heat no less:
When browsing o'er the Flowry Grass appear'd
A lovely Cow, the fairest of the Herd;
By spotless White distinguish'd from the rest;
Whiter than Milk from her own Udders prest,
Whiter than falling, or, the driven Snow,
Before descending Mists can make it flow.
She with a lusty Bull, her happy Mate,
Delighted, on the tender Herbage fate;
There, as he crops the Flowers, and chews the Cud,
Feasting a second Time upon his Food,
His Limbs with sudden Heaviness oppress'd,
He bends his Head, and sinks to pleasing Rest.
A noisie Crow, cleaving the liquid Air,
Thrice with lewd Bill peck'd off the Heifer's Hair;

166 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

The glossy White imbib'd a spreading Blot,
 But on her Breast appear'd a Livid Spot:
 The Cow rose slowly from her Confort's Side,
 But when afar the grazing Bull she spy'd,
 Frisk'd to the Herd with an impetuous haste,
 And pleas'd, in new luxuriant Soil, her Taste.
 Oh learn'd Diviner!

What may this visionary Dream portend,
 If Dreams in any future Truth can end.
 The Prophet nicely weighs what I relate;
 And thus denounces in the Voice of Fate:

That Heat you try'd to shun i'th' shady Grove,
 But shunn'd in vain, was the fierce Heat of Love:
 The Cow denotes the Nymph, your only Care;
 For White's th' expressive Image of the Fair;
 And you the Bull abandon'd to Despair:
 The pecking Crow, some busie Bawd implies,
 Who with base Arts will soon seduce your Prize.

You saw the Cow to fresher Pastures range:
 So will your Nymph for Richer Lovers change:
 As mixing with the Herd, you saw her rove;
 So will the Fair pursue promiscuous Love:
 Soon will you find a foul Incestuous Blot,
 As on the Cow you view'd the Livid Spot.

At this my Blood retir'd, with dismal Fright,
 And left me pale as Death; my fainting Sight }
 Was quite o'ercaſt in dusky Shades of Night.



ON A

Miscellany of P O E M S,

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. Plin. Epist.

AS when some skilful Cook, to please each
Would in one Mixture comprehend a ^{[Guest,} Feast,
With due Proportion and judicious Care
He fills his Dish with diff'rent sorts of Fare,
Fishes and Fowl deliciously unite,
To feast at once the Taste, the Smell, and Sight.

So, *Bernard*, must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of Poetry;
The Muses O'lie, which all Tastes may fit,
And treat each Reader with his darling Wit.
Wouldst

Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy Fame;
And bravely rival *Jacob's* mighty Name,
Let all the Muses in the Piece conspire,
The Lyrick Bard must strike th' harmonious Lyre;
Heroick Strains must here and there be found,
And Nervous Sense be sung in Lofty Sound;
Let Elegy in moving Numbers flow,
And fill some Pages with melodious Woe;
Let not your am'rous Songs too num'rous prove,
Nor glut thy Reader with abundant Love;
Satyr must interfere, whose pointed Rage
May lash the Madnes of a vicious Age;
Satyr, the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's Scandal, to be sure there's Wit.
Tire not our Patience with Pindarick Lays,
Those swell the Piece, but very rarely please:
Let short-breath'd Epigram its Force confine,
And strike at Follies in a single Line.

Tran-

170 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Tranſlations ſhould throughout the Work be ſown,
 And *Homer's* Godlike Muſe be made our own;
Horace in uſeful Numbers ſhould be Sung,
 And *Virgil's* Thoughts adorn the *Britiſh* Tongue;
 Let *Ovid* tell *Corinna's* hard Diſdain,
 And at her Door in melting Notes complain:
 His tender Accents pitying Virgins move,
 And charm the liſt'ning Ear with Tales of Love.
 Let every Claſſick in the Volume ſhine,
 And each contribute to thy great Deſign:
 Through various Subjects let the Reader range,
 And raiſe his Fancy with a grateful Change;
 Variety's the Source of Joy below,
 From whence ſtill freſh revolving Pleaſures flow.
 In Books and Love, the Mind one End purſues,
 And only Change th' expiring Flame renews.

Where *Buckingham* will condeſcend to give,
 That honour'd Piece to diſtant Times muſt live;

When Noble *Sheffield* strikes the trembling Strings,
 The little Loves rejoyce, and clap their Wings,
Anacreon lives, they cry, th' harmonious Swain
 Retunes the Lyre, and tries his wonted Strain,
 'Tis He—our lost *Anacreon* lives again.

But when th' illustrious Poet soars above
 The sportive Revels of the God of Love,
 Like *Maro's* Muse he takes a loftier flight,
 And towres beyond the wond'ring *Cupid's* Sight.

If thou wouldst have thy Volume stand the Test,
 And of all others be reputed Best,
 Let *Congreve* teach the list'ning Groves to mourn,
 As when he wept o'er fair *Pastora's* Urn.

Let *Prior's* Muse with soft'ning Accents move,
 Soft as the Strains of constant *Emma's* Love:

Or

172 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Or let his Fancy chuse some jovial Theme,
As when he told *Hans Carvel's* jealous Dream;
Prior th'admiring Reader entertains,
With *Chaucer's* Humour, and with *Spencer's* Strains.

Waller in *Granville* lives; when *Mira* sings
With *Waller's* Hand he strikes the sounding Strings,
With sprightly Turns his noble Genius shines,
And manly Sense adorns his easie Lines.

On *Addison's* sweet Lays Attention waits,
And Silence guards the Place while he repeats;
His Muse alike on ev'ry Subject charms,
Whether she paints the God of Love, or Arms:
In Him, Pathetick *Ovid* sings again,
And *Homer's Iliad* shines in his Campaign.

Whenever *Garth* shall raise his sprightly Song,
Sense flows in easie Numbers from his Tongue;

TRANSLATIONS. 173

Great *Phæbus* in his learned Son we see,
Alike in Phyfick, as in Poetry.

When *Pope's* harmonious Muse with pleasure
Amidst the Plains, the murm'ring Streams, and
Attentive Eccho pleas'd to hear his Songs,
Thro' the glad Shade each warbling Note prolongs;
His various Numbers charm our ravish'd Ears,
His steady Judgment far out-shoots his Years,
And early in the Youth the God appears.

From these successful Bards collect thy Strains,
And Praise with Profit shall reward thy Pains:
Then, while Calves-leather Binding bears the Sway,
And Sheep-skin to its fleeker gloss gives way;
While neat old *Elzevir* is reckon'd better
Than *Pirate Hill's* brown Sheets, and scurvy
[Letter;

While

174 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

While Print Admirers careful *Aldus* chuse
Before *John Morpew*, or the weekly News:
So long shall live thy Praise in Books of Fame,
And *Tonson* yield to *Lintott's* lofty Name.

VERSES *design'd to be prefix'd to*
Mr. Lintott's Miscellany.

SOME *Colinaeus* praise, some *Blean*
Others account them but so, so;

Some *Stephens* to the rest prefer,

And some esteem old *Elzevir*:

Others with *Aldus* would besot us;

I, for my part, admire *Lintottus*.

Those printed unknown Tongues, 'tis said,

Which some can't construe, most can't read;

What *Lintott* offers to your Hand,

Even R—— may understand:

They

They Print their Names in Letters small,
But *LINTOTT* stands in Capital;
Author and he with equal Grace
Appear, and stare you in the Face.
Oft in an *Aldus* or a *Plantin*,
A Page is blotted, or Leaf wanting;
Of *Lintott's* Books this can't be said,
All fair, and not so much as read.
Their Books are useful but to few,
A Scholar, or a Wit or two:
Lintott's for general Use are fit,
For some Folks read, but all Folks Sh—t.



TO

T O A
L A D Y

Sitting before her Glass.

I.

SO smooth and clear the Fountain was
 In which his Face *Narcissus* spy'd,
 When gazing in that liquid Glass,
 He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
 Nor, *Chloris*, can you safer see
 Your own Perfections here than he.

II.

The Lark before the Mirror plays,
 Which some deceitful Swain has set;

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with her self she fondly stays

To die deluded in the Net:

Love may such Frauds for you prepare,

Your self the Captive, and the Snare.

III.

But, *Chloris*, whilst you there review

Those Graces op'ning in their Bloom,

Think how Disease and Age pursue,

Your riper Glories to consume:

Then fighting you will wish your Glass

Cou'd shew to *Chloris* what she was.

IV.

Let Pride no more give Nature Law,

But free the Youth your Power enslaves:

Her Form, like yours, bright *Cynthia* saw

Reflected on the Chrystal Waves,

Yet priz'd not all her Charms above

The Pleasure of *Endymion's* Love.

N

V. No

178 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

V.

No longer let your Glass supply

Too just an Emblem of your Breast;

Where oft to my deluded Eye

Love's Image has appear'd impress;

But play'd so lightly on your Mind,

It left no lasting Print behind.



N O

ON THE
BIRTH-DAY
OF

Mr. *Robert Trefusis*;

BEING

Three Years Old, March 22, 17¹⁰/₁₁.

By Mr. *BROOME*.

WHY, lovely Babe, does slumber seal your [Eyes?
See, fair *Aurora* blushes in the Skies!

The Sun, which gave you Birth, in bright Array
Begins his Course, and ushers in the Day.

180 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Calmly Serene and Glorious to the View
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

[Span,
Fair Beauty's Bud! when Time shall stretch thy
Confirm thy Charms, and ripen thee to Man,
How shall each Swain, each beauteous Nymph
For Love each Nymph, for Envy ev'ry Swain. ^[complain?]
What matchless Charms shall thy full Noon adorn,
When so admir'd, so glorious is thy Morn?
So glorious is thy Morn of Life begun,
That all to thee with Admiration run,
Turn *Persians*, and adore the rising Sun.
So Fair thou art, that if great *Cupid* be
A Child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.
Fair *Venus* would mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy Eyes proclaim thee not her Son.
There all the Lightnings of thy Mother's shine,
Their radiant Glory and their Sweetness join, ^[thine.]
To shew their fatal Pow'r, and all their Charms, in

If fond *Narcissus* in the Chrystal Flood,
 A Form like thine, O lovely Infant, view'd,
 Well wight the Flames the pining Youth destroy;
 Excess of Beauty justify'd the Boy.



On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

By R. F.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,
 The vaineft fickleſt Thing alive;
 Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time!
 Marries and doats at forty five.

Thus Weathercocks, who for a while
 Have turn'd about with every Blaſt,
 Grown old and deſtitute of Oil,
 Ruſt to a Point, and fix at laſt.

Charlettus Percivallo suo.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid prius nostris potiùsve chartis
Illinam? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
Sole depulsam redeunte Scriptor

Mitto salutem?

Tu meis chartis, *bonè Percivalle,*
Unicè dignus; tibi pectus implet
Non minor nostro novitatis ardor;

Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modo te dedisse

Furibus

Percivallus Charletto suo.

Qualis ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes,
 Quum sacras primum subit aut relinquit

Isidis arces,

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
 Læva, quum cantu proprio strident
 Missiles, & jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas,

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
 Vinculis vidi benè litterati

Nomen amici,

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
 Rettulit, sensi pavidus tremensque;

Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune stetit.

Saucius num vivit adhuc Caballus

Anne? Ierneis potiora Gazis,

An, tua vitâ Tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas?

Cui meam laudas generositatem?

Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,

Mane salutas?

Scribe Securus, quid agit Senatus,

Quid caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,

Quid Comes *Guildford*, quid habent novorum

*Dawks*que *Dyer*que.

Me meus, quondam tuus, e popinis

Jenny jam visit, lacrimansque narrat,

Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum

Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat

Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem;

Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias periculi

Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,

Consulas lentè tabulas parantem

Te duce Colum.

Flebilis legi miseranda docti

Fata pictoris, sed & hęc iniqua

Damna consolor, superest perempto

Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen mitram mulier labantem

Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis,

Anna præstabit, nisi fors' Ierni

Hospita Cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere

Pricketi plantas, simùl ambulanti

Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*

Mitto salutem.

Fenny,

186 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)

Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitræ*;

Narrat immerfam prope limen urbis

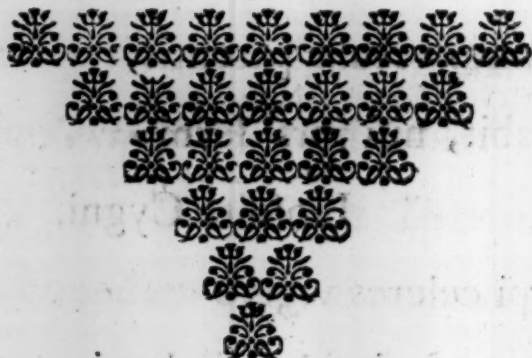
Flumine cymbam.

Narrat——at portis meus *Hinton* astat,

Nuncius *Pricket* redit, advocat me

Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt

Mille tabellæ.



Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
 Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
 Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit,

Nec vetat *Uxor*.

Hæc ego lusi properante musâ,

Lesbiæ vatis numeros fecutus,

Si novi quid sit, meliùs docebit

Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

Cænitant mecum *Comites Iernæ*,

Multa qui de te memorant *culullos*

Inter, & *pulli*, vice *literarum*,

Crus tibi mittunt.



THE

THE
COMPLAINT

CÆLIA to DAMON.

IN

*Which some Lines of Remond's
Alexias are imitated.*

By Mr B R O O M E.

I Who was once the Glory of the Plain,
The fairest Virgin of the Virgin Train;
Am now (by thee, O faithless Man! betray'd)
A fal'n, a lost, a miserable Maid.

Ye Winds, that witness to my sad Despair,
Receive my Sighs, and waft them thro' the Air,
And gently breath them to my *Damon's* Ear!

Curs'd,

TRANSLATIONS. 189

Curs'd, ever curs'd be that unlucky Day,
 When trembling at my Feet the Charmer lay,
 When with soft Sighs he stole my Heart away!
 Ye heedless Virgins, gaze not on his Eyes;
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies.
 Ye' *Arcadian* Nymphs that find him as he strays,
 Fly from his Voice, nor credit what he says;
 Charms has his Voice, but charming he betrays.
 At every Word, each motion of his Eye,
 A thousand Loves are born, a Thousand Lovers die.
 Say, gentle Youths, ye blest *Arcadian* Swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful Plains,
 Say if with you my Fugitive remains!
 To thee, dear Wanderer, where'er you stray,
 Wild with Despair, impatient of Delay,
 Swift on the Wings of Love, I'd take the destin'd
 I'd then inform you of your *Celia's* Cares,
 And try the Eloquence of Female Tears:

Fearless

190 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Fearless I'd pass where Defolation reigns,
 And tread the dusty Soil, the desert *Lybian* Plains.
 Or where the South his furious Pinions tries,
 And every Hurricane disturbs the Skies!
 Shou'd all the Monsters that *Getulia* bred
 Oppose the Passage of a tender Maid,
 My *Damon* calls, I cannot be afraid!
 Bold was *Thalestris*, and her Arrows flew
 Swift and unerring from the twanging Yew;
 And I, when Love inspires, can wonders do.
 If o'er the dreary *Caucasus* you go,
 Or Mountains crown'd with everlasting Snow;
 Ev'n there with you I cou'd securely rest,
 And dare all Cold but in my *Damon's* Breast.
 Or if you shou'd to *India* take your way,
 Where rising *Phæbus* ushers in the Day;
 There, there, with thee I'd dwell; and *Cælia's* flames
 Shou'd vanquish *Phæbus*, and out-shine his Beams.

Or

Or if a Pilgrim you wou'd pay your Vows,
 Where *Jordan's* Stream in soft *Mæanders* flows;
 I'll be a Pilgrim, and my Vows I'll pay
 Where *Jordan's* Streams in soft *Mæanders* play.

But whence these sudden, sad presaging Fears,
 These rising Sighs, and whence these flowing Tears?
 Ah! least the Trumpets terrible alarms
 Have drawn the Lover from his *Celia's* Charms,
 To try th'doubtful Field, and shine in azure Arms.
 Ah! can'st thou bear the labours of the War,
 Or bend the Warrior's Bow, or dart the pointed ^{[Spear.}
 Desist, fond Youth, let others Glory gain,
 And follow Honour o'er the distant Main,
 Or rush in dreadful Arms impetuous to the Plain.
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the pleasurable Woods,
 The painted Meadows, and the Crystal Floods,
 Claim, and invite thee to their sweet Abodes.

There

192 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

There shady Bow'rs, and Sylvan Scenes arise,
 There Fountains warble, and the Spring supplies
 Or Flow'rs to please the Smell or charm the Eyes.
 But mourn ye Sylvan Scenes, and shady Bow'rs,
 Weep all ye Fountains, languish all ye Flow'rs;
 If in a Desert *Damon* but appear,
 To *Celia*'s Eyes a Desert is more fair
 Than all your Charms when *Damon* is not there.
 Gods! what soft Words, what sweet delusive Wiles
 He has! and oh! those dear undoing Smiles!
 Pleas'd with our Ruin to his Arms we run:
 To be undone by him, who wou'd not be undone?

But die, O wretched *Celia*, die! In vain
 Thus to the Fields and Floods you tell your Pain;
 Vain is each Tear, and useless is each Sigh,
 And Life a load; forsaken *Celia* die!

Forlorn!

Forlorn! abandon'd! to the Rocks I go,
 But they have learn'd new Cruelties of you!
 Relenting Echo only with me mourns,
 And, faint with Grief, she scarce my Sighs returns.
 Pity, kind Heav'n, and right an injur'd Maid;
 Yet O! yet spare the dear Deceiver's Head!
 If o'er the Waves he cuts the liquid way,
 Be still, ye Waves, and round his Vessel play!
 And you, ye Winds, confine each ruder Breath,
 Lye hush'd in Silence, and be calm as Death.
 But if he stay detain'd by adverse Gales,
 My Sighs shall drive the Ship, and fill the flagging
 [Sails.



THE
SCHOOL *of* WIT,
A T A L E.

By a Young Gentleman.

THERE is a Game, which learn'd with Care,
Brings Wit and Pleasure to the Fair;
Blows up betimes the Sparks of Reason,
And all the Year this Sport's in Season.
Young Damsels often it employs
Both Night and Day, yet never cloy.
Miss plays it briskest with a Lover;
A Husband can't so much improve her.

By

TRANSLATIONS. 195

By what I've said to explain this Game,
It can't be hard to guess its Name;
At least to understand what's meant:
So I'll go on with my Intent,
And shew how *Wit* may be convey'd,
And Sense infus'd in harmless Maid.

Before young *Lucy* knew this School,
Lucy was but a simple Soul;
To weave Bone-lace, knit, spin, or sew,
Was all, that *Lucy* then could do.
Thus she employ'd her Hands all Day;
All Night she us'd to sleep, or pray,
And dully pass'd her Hours away.
Her Head from every Thought was free,
And *Baby* dream'd as oft as she.
Sorrow or Grief she knew no other,
But what came from her loving Mother;

196 *Miscellaneous POEMS and*

She often call'd her senseless *Chit*,
And would she never learn more *Wit*?

The Girl aſham'd, and vex'd to hear
This Tune ſtill dunn'd into her Ear;
About of all the Neighbours ſought,
Where the beſt *Wit* was to be bought.
All laugh'd; but ſome among them ſent her,
To find out *Father Bonaventure*;
For he, (they ſaid) was furniſh'd well,
And reaſonably cheap would ſell.

Lucy with Joy heard what they ſaid,
But yet with Fear th' Advice obey'd;
Much doubting leaſt her Errand ſhou'd
Diſpleaſe the Reverend Man of God:
So muſing with her ſelf ſhe went,
And argu'd thus on her Intent:

Will

TRANSLATIONS. 197

*Will such an Holy Man as he,
E'er talk to one so Young as me?
I am not fifteen Summers old,
Sure he must think me very bold.*

*Her modest Looks her Charms improve,
And make her a rich Feast for Love.*

*At length she' accosts the heav'nly Man,
And in these Terms her Suit began:
Most Reverend Father, will you please
To pity a poor Virgin's Case?
By all the Neighbours round I'm told,
That Wit is by your Reverence sold.
On that Account I'm hither come,
Pray be so kind t' afford me some.
I'd gladly have what you can spare,
But hope it is not very dear;*

198 *Miscellaneous POEMS and*

*Tho' if the Purchase comes to more
Than the small Sum that I've in store,
This Ring of mine in Pawn I'll leave,
'Till I can get what you must have.
Then from her Hand she strove in haste
To pluck the Ring, the Ring stuck fast.*

*The Fryar saw what Pains she took,
And pitying much her honest Look,
Told her, he'd have her be contented,
He'd furnish her with what she wanted;
Most commonly we sell, 'tis true,
But I'll take nothing for't of you;
Here come along, be free from fears,
The Walls have neither Eyes, nor Ears,
And all the Brotherhood's at Prayers.*

*Thus saying to his Cell he led,
And threw her backward on the Bed;*

TRANSLATIONS. 199

With Kisses next the Fair One try'd,
 The Fair One turn'd her Head aside,
 And wondrous innocently cries,
What, is it thus that we grow wise?
Yes Thus, and *Thus*, said he, then prest
 With eager Hands her panting Breast.
What and so too? Yes so, quoth he,
 You'll have it all now presently.
 So holds her fast in his Embrace,
 And *Wit* insinuates apace.
 Still more Advantages he gains,
 At last the wish'd-for Port obtains.

Lucy was pleas'd, and laughing swore,
 She never felt the like before.
 The *Fryar's* was an humble Mind,
 And much to Charity inclin'd:

200 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Still in his Arms he kept her close,
And gave her soon a second Dose;
And for his Honour 'tis averr'd
He quickly after gave the third.

Lucy lamented her hard Fate,
That she should come to *Wit* so late.
But what if this, Sir, should not do?
Why then we must begin anew;
Some other Medicine must be try'd:
No, this again, the Girl reply'd.
Well, to comply with your Request,
And since you like this Physick best;
Least what you have, should fail to do,
Take it again before you go.
She lik'd th' Advice, and try'd once more
The Drug that pleas'd so well before;

Then

Then with a Curt'sy took her leave,
 And thank'd him for the *Wit* he gave:
 By which sh' improv'd in Sense and Grace,
 Incredibly for such a space:
 And going homeward, on her way
 Contriv'd a Lye, t'excuse her Stay.

Her Cousin *Nan* discover'd soon,
 That *Lucy* more discreet was grown,
 And rightly guessing 'twan't for nought,
 Most earnestly the Reason fought.
 The Girl with such Entreaties press'd,
 To Cousin *Nan* the whole confess'd:
 Told all the *Fryar* did or said,
 And what a stock of *Wit* he had.
 Then says, *Dear Cousin*, let me crave,
 Pray whence got you the *Wit* you have?

Why

202 *Miscellaneous POEMS* *And*

Why Faith! to tell the truth, quoth they
 Your Brother Joseph gave it me
 How, Lucy cries, my Brother John
 Pray where had he it to bestow?
 Or which way could he, good now Nanny,
 Give Wit, that ne'er himself had any?
 You make me blush, says Nan, I swear,
 To think how ignorant you are.
 Believe me, such Affairs as these
 Require not Men so very Wise
 Ask your own Mother, she can tell,
 Your Mother knows this Truth full well,
 That Fools in giving Wit excel.



ON

Why

A. O. N.

Mrs. *BARBIERE*'s
First Appearance on the Stage at
the Rehearfal of *Almahide*.

By the same Hand.

NO Pleasure now from *Nicolini*'s Tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his Song:
On a Fair *Syren* we have fix'd our Choice,
And wait with longing Ears for *Barbieri*'s Voice.

When lo! the *Nymph* by bashful Awe betray'd!
Her faultring Tongue denies her Looks its Aid;
But so much Innocence adorns her Fears,
And with such Grace her Modesty she wears;
By her Disorder all her Charms encrease,
And had she better Sung; she'ad pleas'd us less.

O N A

*Book written by a married Man,
Entituled, The Pleasures of Ma-
trimony. Sent to the Author.*

its Weight,
WHO can but smile, when those, that feel
[State?
Take Pains to recommend the Nuptial

Thus Ducks decoy'd themselves their kindred
And strive to ease their own, by others Fate. [cheat,

Thus crafty *Reynard*, when his Tail was gone,
Preach'd up th' Advantages of having none.

But vain these Arts, and vain the thin Disguise,
We see the Cheat, and all your Tricks despise.

For who that hath the Joys of Freedom known,
Would chuse to put the Marriage Fetters on;

To bind himself a Gally-Slave for Life,

And drag about that galling Load, a Wife.

TRANSLATIONS.

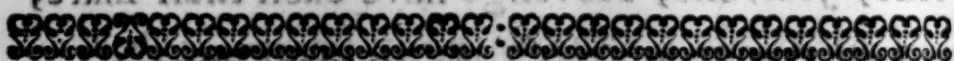
One while she rants with never-ceasing Voice;
Jove's loudest Thunder makes a smaller Noise:
Next Moment she employs her softer Airs,
And like th' Hyena drops dissimbling Tears:
Pride, Jealousie, Revenge have each their share,
And all the Plagues of Life by turns appear.

Th' unmarried Youth no anxious Cares molest,
No Sorrows discompose his peaceful Breast;
His Heart and Thoughts are as his Person free,
And Pleasure courts him with Variety.
With sparkling Wines he oft revives his Soul,
And drowns all Trouble in the Cordial Bowl:
Then finds some Nymph who freely yields her
And strives to ease the faithful Lover's Smart;
Who thinks her Kindness Charm enough to move,
And scorns all other Bonds, but those of Love.

Nor's

Miscellaneous POEMS and

Nor's Love ungrateful to the willing Maid;
Debts that have least of force, are surest paid:
But when oblig'd to kifs, Men soon grow tir'd,
And hate those Pleasures they before admir'd.



T H E

A N S W E R.

By another Hand.

THE Gods (as Poets say) from Men conceal
Those boundless Pleasures they when dead ^{[shall feel.}
Else tir'd with living, they'd uneasie grow,
And leave unpeopled all the Realms below.
So married Men the Blifs of Nuptial Bed
Conceal from Batchelors, least all should wed.

Like

Like envious Misers, whilst themselves have store,
 They much rejoice at seeing others poor.
 But I, from such ignoble Passions free,
 Grow happier by my Friend's Felicity:
 And therefore labour to convince Mankind
 What Heav'nly Raptures we in Marriage find.
 Take my Advice, forsake thy single Life,
 And taste all Pleasures in a loving Wife.
 Believe me, I intend no base Deceit,
 My only Aim's to make your Joys compleat:
 But if you're yet on your own Counsels bent,
 Live on, be still a Fool, and late repent.



208 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

TO A

YOUNG LADY

Reading the

ART of LOVE.

WHilst *Ovid* here reveals the various Arts,
Both how to Polish, and direct their [Darts]
Let meaner Beauties by his Rules improve,
And read these Lines to gain Success in Love:
But Heav'n alone, that multiplies our Race,
Has Pow'r t'increase the Conquests of your Face.
The *Spring*, before he Paints the rising Flow'rs,
Receives mild Beams, and soft descending Show'rs;
But Love blooms ever fresh beneath your Charms,
Tho' neither Pity weeps, nor Kindness warms.

The

The Chiefs who doubt Success, assert their Claim
By Stratagems, and poorly steal a Name :
The generous * Son of *Jove* in open Fight
Made bleeding *Victory* proclaim his Might :
Like him resistless, when you take the Field
Love founds the Signal, and the World must yield.

* Alexander.



P

THE

THE
FAIR NUN.
A T A L E.

—————*Ire per Ignem,
Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen ignibus ullis,
Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi Crine.*————

Ovid. Met. Lib. 8.

WE sage *Cartesians*, who profess
Our selves sworn Foes to Emptiness,
Assert that Souls a Tip-toe stand
On what we call the *Pineal Gland*;
As Weather-cocks on Spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each Blast.

This

This granted, can you think it strange
 We all shou'd be so prone to change;
 Ev'n from the Go-Cart, 'till we wear
 A Sattin Cap i'th' Elbow Chair?
 The Follies that the Child began,
 Custom makes Currant in the Man;
 And firm by Livery and Seisin,
 Holds the Fee-simple of his Reason.

But still the Gufts of Love we find
 Blow strongest on a Woman's Mind:
 Nor need I learnedly pursue
 The latent Cause, th' Effect is true;
 For proof of which, in manner ample,
 I mean to give you one Example.

Upon a time, for so my Nurse,
 Heav'n rest her Bones! began Discourse;

212 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

A lovely Nymph, and just Nineteen,
 Began to languish with the Spleen.
 She who had shone at Balls and Play,
 In Gold Brocard extremely gay,
 All on a sudden grew precise,
 Declaim'd against the Growth of Vice,
 A very *Prude* in half a Year;
 And most believ'd she was sincere.
 Necklace of Pearl no more she wears,
 That's sanctify'd to count her Prayers.
Venus, and all her naked *Loves*,
 The Reformado Nymph removes;
 And *Magdalen*, with Saints and Martyrs,
 Was plac'd in their respective Quarters.
 Nor yet content, she cou'd not bear
 The Rankness of the publick Air;
 'Twas so infected with the Vice
 Of luscious Songs, and Lovers Sighs.

So most devoutly wou'd be gone,
And strait profess her self a Nun.

A Youth of Breeding and Address,
And call him *Thyrsls* if you please,
Who had some Wealth to recompense
His slender Dividend of Sense;
Yet cou'd with little Thought and Care
Write tender things to please the Fair,
And then successively did grow
From a Half-wit, a finish'd Beau;
(For Fops thus naturally rise,
As Maggots turn to Butterflies.)
This Spark, as Story tells, before
Had held with Madam an Amour;
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper Cue;

214 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

And on the Wings of Love he flies
 To Lady Abbess in Disguise ;
 And tells her he had brought th' Advowson,
 Of Soul and Body to dispose on.
 Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
 In Petticoats without a Beard,
 Fond of a Profelyte, and Fees,
 Admits the Fox among the Geese.

Here Duty, Wealth, and Honour prove,
 Tho' three to one, too weak for *Love*:
 And to describe the War throughout,
 Wou'd make a glorious piece no doubt;
 Where Moral Virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again :
Love shou'd a bloody Myrtle wear,
 And, like *Camilla*, fierce and fair,
 The Nun shou'd charge.—But I forbear.

}
 }
 }
 All

TRANSLATIONS. 215

All human Joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are feldom (more's the Pity!) lasting:
 The Nymph had Qualms, her Cheeks were pale,
 Which others thought th' Effects of Zeal.
 But she, poor she began to doubt,
 (Best knowing what she'd been about;)
 The Marriage Earnest-penny lay
 And burnt her Pocket, as we say;
 She now invokes, to ease her Soul,
 The Dagger and the poison'd Bowl;
 And, Self-condemn'd for breach of Vow
 To lose her Life and Honour too,
 Talk'd in as Tragical a Strain, as
 Your craz'd *Monimia's* and *Roxana's*.

But as she in her Cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,

216 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

The Fiend, (who never wants Address
To succour Damsels in Distress)

Appearing, told her he perceiv'd

The fatal Cause for which she griev'd;

But promis'd her *en Cavalier*,

She shou'd be freed from all her Fear;

And with her *Thyrsis* lead a Life

Devoid of all Domestick Strife,

If she wou'd sign a certain Scrawl——

Ay, that she wou'd, if that was all.

She Sign'd, and he ingag'd to do

Whate'er she pleas'd to fet him to.

The Criticks must excuse me now;

They both were freed, no matter how:

For when we *Epic* Writers use

Machines, to disengage the Muse,

We're

We're clean acquit of all Demands,
 The Matter's left in abler Hands;
 And if they cannot loose the Knot,
 Shou'd we be censur'd? I think not.

The Scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
 For Pomp and Pleasures who but they,
 Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?
 Madam in her gilt Chariot flaunted,
 And *Pug* brought ev'ry thing she wanted;
 A Slave devoted to her Will:
 But Women will be wav'ring still.
 Ev'n Vice without Variety
 Their squeamish Appetites will cloy.
 And having stol'n from Lady Abbess
 One of our merry modern *Rabbies*,
 She found a Trick she thought wou'd pass,
 And prove the Devil but an Ass.

His

218 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

His next Attendance happen'd right
 Amidst a Moonless stormy Night,
 When Madam and her Spouse together,
 Guess'd at his coming by the Weather.
 He came: To-night, says he, I drudge
 To fetch a *Heriot* for a Judge;
 A gouty nine-i'th'-hundred Knave:
 But, Madam, do you want your Slave?
 I need not presently be gone,
 Because the Doctors have not done.
 A rosie Vicar and a Quack
 Repuls'd me in my last Attack,
 But all in vain, for mine he is;
 A Fig for both the Faculties!

The Dame produc'd a single Hair,
 But whence it came I cannot swear;

Yet

Yet this I will affirm is true,
 It curl'd like any Bottle-Scrue.
 Sir *Nic*, quoth she, you know us all,
 We Ladies are fantastical :
 You see this Hair—*Yes, Madam*—Pray
 In presence of my Husband stay,
 And make it strait: or else you grant
 Our solemn League and Covenant
 Is void in Law,——*It is, I own it:*
 And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a Cheat,
 If wetting wou'd not do the feat:
 And 'twas, in truth, a proper Notion;
 But still it kept the Elastic Motion.
 Well! more ways may be found than one,
 To kill a Witch that will not drown.

If

220 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

If I, quoth he, conceive its nature,
 This Hair has flourish'd nigh the Water.
 'Tis crisp'd with Cold, perhaps, and then
 The Fire will make it strait again.
 In haste he to the Fire applies it,
 And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
 Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
 The more it warms it twirls the more.
 He stamp'd his cloven Foot, and chaf'd;
 The Husband and the Lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
 He shou'd not find it Hammer-proof.
 No *Cyclops* e'er at work was warmer,
 At forging Thunder-bolts or Armour,
 Than *Satan* was: but all in vain;
 Again he beats.——It curls again!

At length he bellow'd in a Rage,
This Hair will take me up an Age.
This take an Age, the Husband swore,
Z ——— ds *Betty* has five hundred more.
More! Take your Bond, quoth *Pug*; adieu,
'Tis Loss of Time to ply for you.



TO A
GENTLEMAN

WHO

Corrected some Verses for me.

IF e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
'Tis when you animate and tune her Strings;
If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you Plume her Wings.
You, like the Sun, your glorious Beams display,
Deal to the darkest Orb a friendly Ray,
And cloath it with the Lustre of the Day.

Mean was the Piece, unelegantly wrought,
The Colours faint, irregular the Draught!

But

But your commanding Touch, your nicer Art,
 Rais'd ev'ry Stroke, and brighten'd ev'ry Part.
 So when *Luke* drew the Rudiments of Man,
 An Angel finish'd what the Saint began;
 His wondrous Pencil dipt in heav'nly Dyes
 Gave Beauty to the Face, and Lightning to the Eyes.

Confus'd it lay a rough unpolish'd Mass,
 You gave the Royal Stamp, and made it pass;
 Hence ev'n Deformity a Beauty grew, [you.
 She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
 Tho' like *Prometheus* I the Image frame,
 You give the Life, and bring the heav'nly Flame,
 Thus when the *Nile* diffus'd his watry Train
 In streams of Plenty o'er the fruitful Plain;
 Unshapen Forms, the Refuse of the Flood,
 Issu'd imperfect from the Teeming Mud.

But

224 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

But the great Source and Parent of the Day,
Fashion'd the Creature, and inform'd the Clay.

Weak of her self, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowness, and *Parnassus* height;
But when you aid her Song, and deign to Nod,
She spreads a bolder Wing, and feels the present ^{[God.}
So the *Cumæan* Prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the future, and Events to come.
But when *Apollo* in her Breast abode,
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing God.
Then Accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the God inspir'd the Priestess spoke.



RAPIN

RAPIN Imitated,

IN A

PASTORAL

*Sent to Belinda upon her leaving
Hattley.*

DAMON.

SAY, while each Scene so beautiful appears,
 Why heaves thy Bosom, and why flow thy ^{[Tears?}
 See! how the Clouds shed odoriferous Show'rs,
 While the soft Breeze salutes the smiling Flow'rs.
 The Floods smooth-flowing charm the ravish'd
 The Breeze, the Flow'rs, the Floods conspiring to ^{[Sight;}
 [delight.

Q

ELO.

F L O R U S.

But vain the Pleasure which the Season yields,
 The Bloom of Flow'rs, and Verdure of the Fields!
 Far, *Damon*, far from these unhappy Groves
 The cruel lovely *Rosalinda* roves.

D A M O N.

Ah! now I know why late the op'ning Buds
 Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
 Why droop'd the Lilly in her snowy Pride,
 And why the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd:
 For thee, Fair *Rosalind*, the opening Buds
 Clos'd up their Gems, and sicken'd in the Woods;
 For thee the Lilly shed her snowy Pride,
 For thee the Rose withdrew her Sweets, and dy'd.

F L O R U S.

See! where yon Vine in soft Embraces weaves
 Her wanton Ringlets with the Mirtle's Leaves;
 There tun'd sweet *Philomel* her sprightly Lay,
 Both to the rising and the falling Day.

But since fair *Rosalind* forsook the Plains,
 Sweet *Philomel* no more renews her Strains;
 With Sorrow dumb she disregards her Lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling Day.

D A M O N.

Ye gentle Gales that fan the smiling Skies,
 Now grown tempestuous by my rising Sighs;
 Say, from my Arms while *Rosalinda* flies,
 How thro' Despair unhappy *Damon* dies!

F L O R U S.

Ye warbling Fountains, and ye Chrystal Floods
 That march to various Lands thro' various Roads;
 Say, when ye find where *Rosalind* resides,
 Say how my Tears encrease your flowing Tides.

D A M O N.

Perhaps while we enjoy the verdant Meads,
 The living Fountains, and the flow'ry Beds;

228 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

She weary wanders thro' untrodden ways,
And o'er the doleful dreary Defart strays.

FLORUS.

Yet from the Pleasure of the verdant Meads,
The living Fountains, and the flow'ry Beds,
Thro' Defarts and untrodden ways I'd go;
And take with thee ev'n Pleasure in my Woe,
Traverse the burning Soil or everlasting Snow;

DAMON.

Ah! why art thou away, while rich Perfumes
Glad all the Air, and while each Mistle blooms?
Behold what Happiness the Country yields;
How purr the Streams, how smile the Groves, and
[laugh the Fields!

FLORUS.

Come, *Rosalind*! before the Wintry Clouds
And fierce *Aquarius* disemogue their Floods;
Before the Cold benumbs the frozen Plains:
Your Charms may suffer by the Cold or Rains.

DA-

D A M O N.

Come, *Rosalind*! O come! then infant Flow'rs
 Shall bloom, and smile, and form their Charms by ^{[yours;}
 By you the Lilly shall her white compose,
 Your Blush shall add new Blushes to the Rose.
 Each flow'ry Mead, and ev'ry Tree shall Bud,
 And fuller Honours cloath the youthful Wood.

F L O R U S.

Yet ah! forbear to urge your homeward Way,
 While *Phæbus* riots in Excess of Day;
 Least while his Beams infest the sultry Air,
 They shou'd your brighter Charms, O *Rosalind*,
 [impair.



SAPPHO to *PHAON*.

LOVE-EPISTLE,

Translated from OVID.

WHAT, after all my Art, will you demand,
 Before the whole is read, the Writer's
 And cou'd you guess from whom this Letter came,
 Before you saw it sign'd with *Sappho's* Name?
 Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for *Lyrics*, why
 The Strain is turn'd to plaintive Elegy;
 I mourn my flighted Love; alas! my Lute,
 And sprightly Odes, wou'd ill with Sorrow suit.
 I'm

I'm scorch'd, I burn, like Fields of Corn o' Fire;
 When Winds to fan the furious Blaze conspire:
 To flaming *Ætna* *Phaon's* pleas'd to roam,
 But *Sappho* feels a fiercer Flame at home;

No more my Thoughts in even Numbers flow,
 Verse best befits a Mind devoid of Woe;
 No more I court the Nymphs I once carest,
 But *Phaon* rules unrival'd in my Breast.
 Fair is thy Face, thy Youth is fit for Joy;
 A fatal Face to me, too cruel Boy!
 Enslav'd to those enchanting Looks, that wear
 The Blush of *Bacchus*, and *Apollo's* Air:
 Assume the Garb of either God, in Thee
 We ev'ry Grace of either God may see:
 Yet they confess'd the Power of Female Charms,
 In *Daphne's* Flight, and *Ariadne's* Arms;

232 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Tho' neither Nymph was fam'd for Wit, to move
 With melting Airs the rigid Soul to Love.
 To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial Fire,
 And my soft Numbers glow with warm Desire;
Alceus and my self alike she crown'd,
 For Softness I, and he for Strength renown'd.
 Beauty, 'tis true, penurious Fate denies,
 But Wit my want of Beauty well supplies:
 My Shape I own is short, but yet my Name
 Is far diffus'd, and fills the Voice of Fame.
 If I'm not Fair, young *Perseus* did adore
 The swarthy Graces of the Royal * *Moor*:
 The milk-white Doves with mottl'd Mates are
 And the gay Parrot to the Turtle's kind. [join'd,
 But if you'll fly from Love's connubial Rites,
 'Till one as charming as your self invites,
 None of our Sex can ever bless your Bed;
 Ne'er think of Wooing, for you ne'er can Wed.

* *Andromeda*.

Yet

Yet when you read my Verse, you lik'd each Line,
 And swore no Numbers were so sweet as mine;
 I sang (that pleasing Image still is plain,
 Such tender Things we Lovers long retain!)
 And ever when the warbling Notes I rais'd,
 You with fierce Kisses stifi'd what you prais'd.
 Some winning Grace in ev'ry Act you found;
 But in full Tides of Extasie were drown'd,
 When murm'ring in the melting Joys of Love,
 Round yours my curling Limbs began to move.
 But now the bright *Sicilian* Maids adore
 The Youth, who seem'd so fond of me before!
 Send back, send back my Fugitive, for he
 Will vow to you the Vows he made to me:
 That smooth deceiving Tongue of his can charm
 The coyest Ear, the roughest Pride disarm.

Oh, aid thy Poetess, great Queen of Love,
 Auspicious to my growing Passion prove!

234 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *Tand*

Fortune was cruel to my tender Age,
 And still pursues with unrelenting Rage.
 Of Parents, whilst a Child, I was bereft,
 To the wide World an helpless Orphan left;
 My Brother in a Strumpet's vile Embrace
 Lavish'd a large Estate, to buy Disgrace;
 And doom'd to Traffick on the Main is toss'd,
 Winning with Danger what with Shame he lost;
 And vows Revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
 His Conduct, and was careful of his Fame.
 And then (as if the Woes I bore beside
 Were yet too light) my little Daughter dy'd:
 But after all these Pangs of Sorrow past,
 A worse came on, for *Phaon* came at last!
 No Gems, nor rich embroider'd Silks I wear,
 No more in artful Curls I comb my Hair;
 No golden Threads the wavy Locks inwreath,
 Nor *Syrian* Oils diffusive Odours breath:

Why

Why shou'd I put such gay Allurements on,
 Now he, the Darling of my Soul, is gone?
 Soft is my Breast, and keen the killing Dart,
 And he who gave the Wound, deserves my Heart;
 My Fate is fix'd, for sure the Fates decreed
 That he shou'd wound, and *Sappho's* Bosom bleed.
 By the smooth Blandishments of Verse betray'd,
 In vain I call my Reason to my Aid;
 The Muse is faithless to the Fair at best,
 But fatal in a Love-sick Lady's Breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a Youth shou'd dart
 Flames so resistless, to a Woman's Heart?
 Him had *Aurora* seen, he soon had seiz'd
 Her Soul, and *Cephalus* no more had pleas'd:
 Chaste *Cynthia*, did she once behold his Charms,
 For *Phaon's* wou'd forsake *Endymion's* Arms:

236 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Venus wou'd bear him to her Bow'r above,
 But that she fears a Rival in his Love.
 O Fair Perfection Thou! nor Youth, nor Boy;
 Fixt in the bright Meridian Point for Joy!
 Come, on my panting Breast thy Head recline;
 Thy Love I ask not, only suffer mine:
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain)
 See how my falling Tears the Letter stain!

At least, why wou'd you not vouchsafe to shew
 A kind Regret, and say, *My Dear adieu?*
 Nor parting Kifs I gave, nor tender Tear,
 My Ruin flew on swifter Wings than Fear:
 My Wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my Mind,
 Are all the Pledges *Phaon* left behind:
 Nor cou'd I make my last Desire to thee,
 Sometimes to cast a pitying Thought on me.

But

But Gods! when first the killing News I heard,
 What pale Amazement in my Looks appear'd!
 Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected Wee,
 My Tongue forbore to speak, my Eyes to flow.
 But when my Sense was waken'd to Despair,
 I beat my tender Breast, and tore my Hair:
 As a distracted Mother weeps forlorn,
 When to the Grave her fondling Babe is born.
 Mean while my cruel Brother, for Relief,
 With Scorn insults me, and derides my Grief:
 Poor Soul! he cries, I doubt she grows sincere;
 Her Daughter is return'd to Life I fear.
 Mindless o' Fame, I to the World reveal
 The Love so long I labour'd to conceal.
 Thou, thou art Fame, and all the World to me,
 All Day I doat, and dream all Night o' thee:
 Tho' *Phaon* fly to Regions far remote,
 By *Sleep* his Image to my Bed is brought.

Around

238 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Around my Neck thy fond Embraces twine,
 Anon methinks my Arms incircle thine;
 Then the warm Wishes of my Soul I speak,
 Which from my Tongue in dying Murmurs break:
 Heav'ns! with thy balmy Lips my Lips are prest;
 And then! Ah then! — I blush to write the rest.
 Thus in my Dreams the bright Ideas play,
 And gild the glowing Scenes o' Fancy gay:
 With Life alone my lingring Love must end,
 On thee my Love, my Life, my All depend.

But at the dawning Day my Pleasures fleet,
 And I too soon perceive the dear Deceit:
 In Caves and Groves I seek to calm my Grief;
 The Caves and Groves afford me no Relief.
 Frantick I rove, disorder'd with Despair,
 And to the Winds unbind my scatter'd Hair.

I find the Shades which to our Joys were kind,
 But my false *Phaon* there no more I find:
 With him the Caves were cool, the Grove was green,
 But now his Absence withers all the Scene.
 There weeping I the grassy Couch survey,
 Where side by side we once together lay:
 I fall where thy forsaken Print appears,
 And the kind Turf drinks in my flowing Tears.
 The Birds and Trees to Grief Assistance bring,
 These drop their Leaves, and They forbear to sing:
 Poor *Philomel* of all the Quire, alone
 For mangled *Itys* warbles out her Moan;
 Her Moan for him Trills sweetly thro' the Grove,
 While *Sappho* sings of ill-requited Love.

To this dear Solitude the *Naiads* bring
 Their fruitful Urns, to form a silver Spring:
 The Trees that on the shady Margin grow
 Are green above, the Banks are green below,

240 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Here while by Sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
 Thus said the Guardian Nymph, or seem'd to say
 Fly, *Sappho*, fly, to cure this deep Despair
 To the *Leucadian* Rock in haste repair;
 High on whose hoary Top an awful Fane
 To *Phæbus* rear'd, surveys the subject Main.
 This desp'rate Cure of old *Deucalion* try'd,
 For Love to Fury wrought by *Pyrrha's* Pride;
 Into the Waves, as holy Rites require,
 Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless Fire:
 Her frozen Breast a sudden Flame subdu'd,
 And she who fled the Youth the Youth pursu'd.
 Like him, to give thy raging Passion ease,
 Precipitate thy self into the Seas.

This said, she disappear'd. I deadly wan
 Rose up, and gushing Tears unbounded ran:

I fly, ye Nymphs, I fly! tho' Fear assail
The Woman, yet the Lover must prevail.
In Death what Terrors can deserve my Care?
The Pangs of Death are gentler than Despair.
Ye Winds, and *Cupid* Thou, to meet my Fall
Your downy Pinions spread! my Weight is small.
Thus rescu'd, to the God of Verse I'll bow,
Hang up my Lute, and thus inscribe my Vow.
*To Phoebus grateful Sappho gave this Lute;
The Gift did both the God and Giver suit.*

But, *Phaon*, why shou'd I this Toil indure,
When thy Return wou'd soon compleat the Cure?
Thy Beauty and its balmy Pow'r wou'd be
A *Phæbus* and *Leucadian* Rock to me.
O harder than the Rock to which I go,
And deafer than the Waves that war below!

R

Think

242 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Think yet, oh think! shall future Ages tell
 That I to *Phaon's* Scorn a Victim fell?
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender Breast
 Bruis'd on the Cliff, than close to *Phaon's* prest?
 This Breast! which fill'd with bright Poetick Fire,
 You made me once believe you did admire:
 O cou'd it now supply me with Address
 To plead my Cause, and court thee with Success!
 But mighty Woes my Genius quite controul,
 And damp the rising Vigour of my Soul:
 No more, ye *Lesbian* Nymphs, desire a Song,
 Mute is my Voice, my Lute is all unstrung.
 My—*Phaon's* fled, who made my Fancy shine,
 (Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the Youth again,
 Inspiring Ardors will revive my Vein.
 But why, alas! this unavailing Pray'r?
 Vain are my Vows, and fleet with common Air:

My

My Vows the Winds disperse, and make their sport,
But will not waft him to the *Lesbian* Port.

Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong
To let your Mistress languish here so long.
Venus for your fair Voyage will compose
The Sea, for from the Sea the Goddess rose:
Cupid, assisted with Propitious Gales,
Will hand the Rudder, and direct the Sails.
But if from *Sappho* you persist to fly,
She thinks you scarce can give a Reason why.



My dear Mr. W. I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am sorry to hear that you are not well.

I hope you will soon be better.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not well.

I hope you will soon be better.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not well.

I hope you will soon be better.

I am very sorry to hear that you are not well.

I hope you will soon be better.

CHAUCE R' S
CHARACTERS,
OR THE
INTRODUCTION.
TO THE
CANTERBURY TALES.

By Mr. *THOMAS BETTERTON*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Bernard Lintott*. 1712.

CHAPTER 2
CHARACTERS

OR THE

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

CANTERBURY TALES

BY M. THOMAS BRETHERTON

LONDON

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[Show'rs,
[Flow'rs;
'T WAS when the Fields imbibe the Vernal
And *Venus* paints her Month with early
When *Sol*, diffusing genial Warmth around,
Unbinds the frozen Bosome of the Ground.
When gentle *Zephyr* with refreshing Breath
Reviv'd each Grain that in the Womb of Earth
All Winter slept; and th'all-enlivening Sun,
Thro' the bright Ram had half his Progress run,
When Birds on ev'ry Bough renew their Songs,
And *Philomel* her Evening Note prolongs.
Then Nature smiles; then *Devotees* engage,
Thro' the wide World to roam on Pilgrimage.
From every Shire the pious Ramblers stray,
But most to *Canterbury* bend their way.
There at the * *Martyr's* Shrine a Cure they find,
For each sick Body, and each love-sick Mind.

* Thomas Becket.

248 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

It so befel, that Season, on a Day,
 In *Southwark* at the *Talbot-Inn* I lay,
 Resolv'd with Zeal my Journey to begin;
 With no small Offering to *St. Thomas'* Shrine.
 For *Priests* with empty Thanks are never sham'd;
 The Rich buy Heaven, and ragged Rogues are
 [damn'd.

Full nine and twenty more, a jovial Crew,
 (Mine *Host* was ravish'd at a Sight so new)
 That Night, by fair Adventure fought our Inn;
 All Pilgrims, fixt upon the same Design.
 When most with care had seen their Horses fed,
 Happy were they who got a cleanly Bed.
 With each I talk'd, and each by Name could call,
 So quickly grew familiar with 'em all.
 There we resolv'd with speed to make our way,
 And all set forward at the Break of Day.

But

But hold a while ; 'twere requisite you knew,
 Ere I proceed, each Pilgrim of the Crew.
 I'll here relate their Characters, their Age,
 Describe their Persons, and their Equipage,
 Their Sex, and what condition they were in ;
 This Rule observ'd, I with the Knight begin.

The Knight.

A Knight there was, whose early Youth had shown
 His Love to Arms, and Passion for Renown.
 Courteous, and affable ; of Honour nice ;
 A Friend to Truth, a Foe to every Vice.
 In many brave Engagements had he been,
 Known foreign Courts, and Men and Manners seen :
 In *Christendom* much Fame he had acquir'd ;
 In *Turkie* he was dreaded and admir'd.
 When *Alexandria* was besieg'd, and won,
 He past the Trenches first, and scal'd the Town.

Gra-

250 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Granada's Siege increas'd the Warrior's Fame;
And *Algier* trembled but to hear his Name.
In fifteen Battels deathless Wreaths he got,
Three single Combats with Success he fought.

Much Ground he travell'd o'er, for he had seen
Our Saviour's Sepulcher in *Palestine*.
The barbarous Infidels had felt his Might,
Fierce in Engagement, gentle after Fight.
In Council, and in Conduct, wise, and staid;
In Conversation, modest as a Maid.
Plain and sincere, observant of the Right;
In Mien, and Manners, an accomplish'd Knight.

A goodly Horse he rode, well shap'd, and strong;
No gawdy Saddle, nor no Trappings long.
The Arms he wore, were bright, and free from
His Habit, serviceable, neat, and plain. [Stain.

With

With grateful Zeal devoutly he was come,
To thank the Saint that brought him safely home.

The Squire.

With him his Son; a sprightly Squire and gay,
Youthful and blooming as the Month of *May*;
A fearless Lover, in a courtly Dress,
With curling Locks just taken from the Press.
Of twenty Years he seem'd, well shap'd and tall,
Strong was his Make, his Port majestic.
The Army did his early Courage see,
In *Flanders*, and in fertile *Picardy*:
He hop'd his Valour would all Forms remove,
And plead successfully its Master's Love.

His Vest with various Colours did abound,
Like flowry Meads when Spring adorns the
[Ground.

Short

252 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Short was his Coat, the Sleeves were long and wide;
Well could he sing, and *Treats* and *Balls* provide.
His fiery Steed he gracefully cou'd sit;
Love-Songs he made, not wholly void of Wit;
Some Skill in *Painting* too the Youth had shown,
Could draw a Mistress, or design a Town.
Love o'er his gentle Heart did so prevail,
He slept as little as the Nightingale.

The Squire's Yeoman.

This Squire a Yeoman had, and only Him,
Whose Truth and Diligence deserv'd Esteem.
Girt with a Belt, his Garment was of Green;
A Quiver stor'd with Arrows, bright and keen,
Hung cross his Shoulders in a filken String;
The Feathers borrow'd from the Peacock's Wing.
At his left Side a weighty Sword he wore,
And on his Arm a well-try'd Buckler bore;

A Dagger, short and broad, was ty'd below:
 His strong right Hand sustain'd a mighty Bow:
 A *Christopher* his Bosom did adorn;
 In a fair Baldricke hung his Silver Horn:
 His Sun-burnt Visage, and his Grass-green Hood,
 Might prove him well a Ranger of the Wood.

The Prioress.

There was with these a Nun, a Prioress,
 A Lady of no ord'nary Address.
 Her Smiles were harmless, and her Look was coy,
 She never swore an Oath but by Saint *Loye*.
 Known by the Name of Lady *Eglantine*:
 She sung the Office with a Grace Divine;
 She spoke the *French* of *Stratford-School*, by *Bow*,
 The *French* of *Paris* she did never know:
 For *French* of *Paris* did to her appear
 Strange, as our *Law-French* to a *Frenchman's* Ear.

At

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At Meals she sat demure, carv'd neat, and well,
 No Morfel from her Lips unseemly fell.
 She never dipp'd her Finger in the Mefs;
 Nor with one Drop defil'd her holy Drefs.
 With a becoming Grace, and smiling Eye,
 She gain'd Respect from all the Company.
 Easie and free, still pleasant at her Meat;
 And held it no small Pain to counterfeit;
 She hated Statelines, yet wisely knew
 What fit Regard was to her Title due.

She pity'd every Creature in Distress,
 Devout, and charitable to Excess.
 Her tender Heart with such Compassion fill'd,
 She'd weep to see a poor *Mouse* caught, and kill'd.
 Her Lap-dogs still with her fair Hands she fed,
 With Milk, and roast Meat, mixt with Crumbs of
 [Bread.

In

In her own Chamber, on her Bed they slept ;
If any dy'd, most bitterly she wept.

Well set her Wimple, nicely pinch'd it was,
Her Nose was straight, her Eyes were grey as Glass,
Small was her Mouth, her Lips were red, and soft.
A beauteous Forehead, always born aloft,
Broad, smooth and shining—Eye-brows, neat and
A slender Waste, inclining to be tall. [small,

A curious Garment, wondrous neat, she wore ;
A pair of Beads, with Green enammel'd o'er,
Of shining Coral, did her Arm infold ;
Grac'd with an Ornament of beaten Gold :
Upon it was engrav'd a circling Wreath,
And *Amor vincit Omnia* writ beneath.
A Nun, who seldom from her side did stir,
Her Chaplain, and *three Priests*, attended her.

The

The Monk.

Next these a merry Monk appears in place,
Who follow'd Hunting, more than saying Mass.
As bravely mounted, as a Lord from Court ;
No well-fed Abbot bore a comelier Port.
And when in State he ambled, all might hear
The Gingling of his Bridle, loud and clear,
As far, almost, as any Chappel Bell.

This lordly Monk, once Keeper of a Cell,
Held good St. *Bennet's* Order too severe;
St. *Maure* to his nice Judgment did appear
Too strict, and rigid ; for old Dotards fit,
But scorn'd by *Priests* of *Spirit*, and of *Wit*.
One Scripture Text he blotted with his Pen,
That says all Hunters are ungodly Men.

What

What shoals of Converts would this Doctrine raise?
Shall Monks in Study pass laborious Days?
Turn o'er dull Fathers, and worm-eaten Books,
With dazled Eyes, and melancholy Looks?
Toil with their Hands to make the Garden neat?
Turn Cooks, and baste the Roast with their own
This *Austin* humbly did: "Did he?" (said he,) ^{[Sweat?}
" *Austin* may do the same again for me.
He lov'd the Chase, the Hounds melodious Cry,
Hounds that ran swiftly as the Swallows fly.
His Sleeves I saw, with Furs all lin'd within,
From *Russia* brought, the finest Squirrels Skin; }
(*Hair-shirts*, he said, provok'd the Blood to Sin.) }
His Hood beneath his double-Chin to hold,
'Twas fasten'd with a curious Clasp of Gold;
A *Love-Knot* at the greater End there was;
His Head close shav'd, and smooth as any Glass.

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His strutting Paunch was seldom disappointed;
 His broad, full Face shone as it were anointed.
 His Eyes were sleepy, rouling in his Head,
 That steem'd like Furnaces of moulted Lead.
 Supple his Boots, his Horse he proudly fate,
 You'd take him for a Bishop by his State.
 Fafts had not made him meagre like a Ghost,
 But fat he was, and goodly as mine Host.
 A fat, plump Swan he lov'd, young, but full grown.
 His Horse was fleek, and as the Berry brown.

The Fryer:

A Fryer next, to ev'ry Female dear,
 All the four Orders never had his Peer.
 Wanton, diverting still in Prose, or Rhime;
 He many Couples married in his time:
 Some young ones at his own Expeice he wed,
 And to their Husbands Grief soon brought to Bed.

A frank Companion, secret, often try'd;
 To gentle Dames, a Confessor, and Guide.
Licentiate of his Order once, and then
 For one the *Curate* had, he shrifted ten.
 He with a Smile would their Confession hear;
 No Soul had cause his Penances to fear;
 His Absolutions pleasant, soft, and mild;
 He stroak'd 'em as a Parent does his Child.
 To a poor Order lib'ral Ladies fly,
 With Golden Presents easie Penance buy;
 For Man is obstinate, and hard of Heart,
 He keeps his Mony tho' he feels the Smart.
 But to poor Fryers you must Silver give;
 'Tis not with Prayers and Fasting they can live.

He stich'd within his Tippet, pretty Knives,
 With Silver Pins, small Presents for kind Wives.

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In chearful Company, he sung all Day;
 To help his Voice could on the Cittern play.
 His Arms were brawny, few such weights could
 Strong as a Champion for an *English* King. [fling;
 All *Inns* and *Taverns* in the Town he knew,
 But from the Poor he prudently with-drew;
 To rich and liberal Penitents inclin'd,
 To *those* was meek, and of an humble Mind.
 None, in appearance, more devout could be,
 The ablest Beggar of his House, was he.
 He farm'd that Income, and procur'd a Grant
 No Holy Brother should disturb his Haunt.
 Course was his Habit when a begging Fryer,
 In wanton Love-days gorgeous his Attire,
 Of finest Cloth was then his *Demi-Cope*;
 No Mendicant, but stately as a Pope.
 Something he humm'd betwixt a Lisp and Song,
 To make his *English* sweet upon his Tongue.

His

His little Pigs-Eyes gave unequal Light,
 Like small Stars twinkling in a frosty Night.
 The good Wives chuckled wherefoe'er he came,
 A useful Fryer, and *Hubert* was his Name.

The Merchant.

With these a Merchant, in a motley Coat,
 Well mounted too, and bearded like a Goat.
 A *Flanders-Beaver* on his Head he wore;
 His Boots were neatly buckled on before.
 He prov'd with Reasons strong, and formal Face,
 T'increase in Wealth was to increase in Grace.
 Greedy of Gold, and popular Esteem,
 He wish'd the Sea were shut to all, but him.
 Traffick in Mony he had studied well, [it fell.
 Knew where th' *Exchange* would rise, and where
 In Debt to none, in Bargains strict and nice,
 Thought unprompt Payment was the greatest Vice.

What he with Pains had got, with Care he'd save;
Not Charitable, for he seldom gave.

The Scholar of Oxford.

A well read Clerke of *Oxford* next attends,
One who had *Logick* at his Fingers-ends.
Sober his Aspect, thread-bare was his Coat,
His Carcass hollow as an empty Boat.
The Steed he strode was lean as any Rake,
With store of Leather wanting on his Back.
As yet no Benefice he could obtain,
No Office in his College could he gain;
Plac'd on a Shelf at his Beds-head were found
A score of Books, some stich'd, the rest ill-bound.
No Harp, no Viol, no rich Cloaths had he,
But *Aristotle's* deep Philosophy.
Coin he had little, 'twas not his Intent
To hoard, for what he got on Books he spent.

De-

Devoutly for his Patron's Soul he pray'd,
 Whose Bounty gave that Learning which he had
 Laboriously he study'd Night and Day,
 His Words were few, spoke in no vulgar way.
 Weigh'd ere pronounc'd, sententious, short and ^{[clean;}
 Thoughtful his Look, and bashful was his Mien.
 Of moral Virtue usefully he'd Preach,
 He patiently would Learn, and gladly Teach.

The Serjeant at Law.

A Serjeant of the Law, discreet, precise;
 Well could he plead at Bar, and well advise.
 Wealthy he was, but frugal of Expence,
 And his sage Look demanded Reverence.
 Weighty his Arguments; his Words were wise;
 Oft he had sat as Judge at an Assize :
 There by Commission rais'd to high Degree,
 Maturely weigh'd out Justice equally.

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Robes for the Bench he had, and for the Bar ;
No Serjeant was a greater Purchaser.
If safe the Title, moderate the Price,
A good Fee-simple never came amiss.
He for a very busie Man did pass ;
And yet he seem'd much busier than he was.
Whole Shoals of Clients in the Term he had,
And Law enough, to make those Clients mad.
All his Conveyances were legal, true,
No flaw was found in any thing he drew.
The Statutes of the Land he had by Heart ;
Turn'd all to Gold, without the Chymist's Art.
In a plain motley Coat he rode, ty'd fast,
With a strip'd filken Sash about his Waste.

*The * Franklin.*

A Franklin was the Serjeant's chief Delight,
His Beard was long, and as the Daffie white.

** A Franklin is a Country Gentleman who lives upon his Estate.*

San-

Sanguine he was, and study'd Pleasure most;
 His Morning's draught, Sack, with a Nut-brown
 All Delicates that Mony could procure [Toaft.
 He had; a nice luxurious Epicure. [Roast,
 With Fish and Fowl, with Bak'd-meat and with
 His Table groan'd, he valu'd not the Cost.
 All Rarities the Nations could afford
 Were search'd, and bought to fill his ample Board.
 In ev'ry Season Delicates appear,
 Diversify'd each quarter of the Year.
 Hare, Partridge, Pheasant, ever were at hand;
 Carp, Tench, and Breme, as ready at command,
 With poinant Sauces proper for each Dish:
 Woe to the Cook were any thing amifs!
 Spacious his Hall, and open was the Door,
 Fragments, and Marrow-bones bespread the Floor;
 And ready cover'd with all Sorts of Food,
 All the long Day, a *Table Dormant* stood.

This

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This worthy Franklin bore a Purse of Silk,
Fixt to his Girdle, white as Morning Milk.
Knight of the Shire, first Justice at th' Affize,
To help the Poor, the Doubtful to advise.
In all Employments, generous, just he prov'd;
Renown'd for Courtesie, by all belov'd.

The Seaman.

Then came a *Dartmouth* Seaman far from *West*,
A very awkward Rider at the best.
A coarse Cloth Gown he wore, not long, nor wide,
His Dagger in a Lace adorn'd his Side.
He knew those sultry Climates, where the Sun
Turn'd his Complexion to a dusky Brown.
To Company and Mirth he did incline,
Had swallow'd many a Draught of *Burdeaux* Wine.
Kept an obedient Seaman's Conscience,
Held borrowing from his Owners no Offence.

If
11

If 'twas his Fate to take a lucky Prize,
 (For stoutly he would fight) he was so wise
 To pick the best, which sent by Parcels home,
 Little of worth did to the Office come.
 A perfect Master of the Compass he,
 Cou'd shun each Rock and Shallow in the Sea ;
 Had weather'd Tempests, in Engagements been,
 Scap'd many Dangers, many Countries seen.
 Knew every Creek and Harbour on the Main,
 Of *England*, *Scotland*, and the Coast of *Spain*.
 In many Fights his Frigate much was fam'd ;
 The *Magdalene* of *England* it was nam'd.

The Doctor of Physick.

The Doctor next; a Foe to all Excess;
 Who travell'd more for Health than Holiness.
 In nice Anatomy well skill'd was he,
 And not a Stranger to Astronomy.

He

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He knew to wire-draw a Distemper well,
And Cures by Magic Natural foretel;
A deep Astrologer, that cou'd with ease
Cast the Nativity of each Disease,
Show at what punctual Hour it shou'd expire,
In Terms which Knaves invent, and Fools admire.

The Cause of every Malady he knew,
Whether of Cold, Heat, Moist, or Dry, it grew.
Told which of those engender'd the Disease;
'Twas but removing *That*, and you'd have Ease.
Th' *Apothecary* waited his Command;
Druggs and *Electuaries* were still at hand.
Whatever one prescrib'd, the other made,
And each by turns advanc'd the mutual Trade.
He'd tell the Wonders wrought by * *Phæbus* Son,
What Fame the great *Hippocrates* had won.

* *Esculapius*.

Well read in *Galen, Celsus, Avicen,*

In *Dioscorides* and *Damascen.*

These Names, and many more, he had by rote,

Which, to th' Unlearn'd, he never fail'd to quote.

No *Bible* on his Pagan Shelves had he,

It was prohibited the Layety. —

In *Diet* singular; young tender Meat,

And *easie of Digestion*, he would eat.

At a rich Patient's Table, bold and free;

But at his own, he prais'd Frugality.

Of Scarlet *Perfian* Silk his Habit was,

And neatly lin'd with *Taffety*, or *Gause*.

Great were his Gains, but mod'rate his Expence;

He flourish'd in a time of Pestilence.

Gold's the best *Cordial*; yet he lov'd to see

Coynd Aurum, rather than *Potabile*.

The

The Wife of Bath.

A merry Wife of *Bath* comes next in place,
 But somewhat deaf, with an Autumnal Face.
 By Trade a Weaver, one who scorn'd to grant
 Her Work outdone at *Ipres*, or at *Gaunt*.
 No Matron could with greater Zeal incline
 To pay her Offering at the *Martyr's Shrine*.
 She neither patient, nor devout could be,
 If any rival'd her in Charity.
 In her own Parish she wou'd take the Wall,
 Before the proudest Matron of 'em all:
 Upon a *Sunday* ever trimly drest,
 She flaunted forth, the Envy of the rest.
 Large were her Kerchiffs, yet more gorgeous made
 With her own Work, and full three Pound they ^[weigh'd]
 Scarlet her Hose, her glossy Shooes were new;
 Bold was her Face, and ruddy was its Hue.

Not

Not one of her five Husbands could be found,
She laid 'em safely up in Holy Ground.

With these she made a shift to pass her Youth;
Such was this good Wife's Constancy, and Truth.

She Travell'd far, pass'd many a rapid Stream,
Thrice saw the Reliques of *Jerusalem*.

Rome and the *Catcombs* she knew full well,
Strange things of *Cologne* and its Kings cou'd tell;

Spain she had travell'd o'er from End to End,
And good *St. James* was very much her Friend.

Of various Haps and Perils by the way,
Much had she known, and yet much more wou'd [say.

Upon an ambling Pad at ease she sat,
Gingling the Bitt, and slack'd her Pace to chat:

A steeple Hat she wore upon her Head,
Whose ample Brims were like a Buckler spread;

O'er her large Hips a Mantle fairly wrought;
Before, her Kerchiff to a Point was brought:

Like

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Like a rank Rider, pointed Spurs she wore:
Of *Jests* she had an unexhausted store.
Her Talk did notably *Love's Art* advance,
For she had practis'd long that *Old, New Dance*.

The Plowman.

A Plowman follow'd, who had still at hand
Loads of Manure t' enrich the grateful Land;
An able, strong, laborious Man was he,
Who liv'd with all in perfect Charity.
He serv'd God faithfully, nor hoarded Pelf,
But lov'd his Neighbour equal with himself.
Hard would he work, and freely would he give,
And oft for God's sake did the Poor relieve.
In Dealing just, with Losses not dismay'd;
In every kind his Tythes he duly pay'd.
In a short Coat he rode without a Sleeve.
There was beside a Miller, and a Reeve,

A Sumner, and a Pardon-monger too,
A Steward, and my self, were all the Crew.

The Miller.

The Miller, hardy as his own Mill-stones,
With brawny Flesh, large Sinews and strong Bones.
His Strength to all the Town was known too well;
In Wrestling still he bore away the Bell.
Short-shoulder'd, knotty as a stubborn Oak,
Hard to be bent, and harder to be broke.
Not one, so far as he, could pitch a Bar,
Or lift a Weight, or swing it in the Air.
He'd running, force a Door with his hard Head;
His Beard like any Fox's Tail was red,
But straight, and even as a Gardiner's Spade.
Just at the end of his huge Nose, he had
A large black Wart, on that a tuft of Hairs
Red, as the Bristles of an old Sow's Ears:

T

His

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His Nostrils, like a Furnace, black and wide;
 A Sword and Buckler hanging on his Side.
 A Babbler, with a gormandyzing Throat;
 As Letcherous as a Monkey or a Goat.
 Corn he could steal, the same Corn thrice he toll'd;
 And yet, they say, he had a Thumb of Gold:
 His Coat was white, on Bag-pipes he could play,
 And with that Musick brought us on our way.

The Manciple.

A Steward of the *Temple* next must come,
 A Pattern for all Caterers in Town:
 The Price of every thing each Market had
 He knew, and nicely pick'd the Good from Bad.
 Sometimes he went on Trust, and sometimes Paid,
 Yet none could over-reach him in his Trade.
 Some wonder much how an unletter'd Man,
 Of such low, fordid Education, can

(Who

(Who is but one to more than three times ten)
O'er-reach so many grave, wise, learned Men?
A practis'd Lawyer all things understands,
Th' Affairs of half the Nation pass their Hands.
We praise unjustly, partially condemn,
As they Cheat others, others Cozen them.
By various Methods all Professions live;
By *Their* wise Management *He* learn'd to thrive.
In Life's long course such diff'rent Ways we run,
Some to undo, but most to be undone.

The Reve, or Steward.

The *Reve*, a little, slender, chol'rick thing;
His Face shav'd close, and not a Hair on Chin:
His Locks above his Ears, an Inch at least,
And dock'd before, like any begging Priest:
His active Legs were very long and lean,
Strait as a Staff, no Calf was to be seen.

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No Auditor e'er found him in the wrong.
 A good Accomptant; tho' his Bills were long.
 Well judg'd he by the Drought, and by the Rain,
 The future Product of his Seed and Grain.
 He kept due Tale of Oxen, Sheep and Swine,
 His Lord's *March* Beer, and his more precious Wine;
 All Rents receiv'd, for all things did ingage,
 And manag'd since his Master came to Age.
 O'er ev'ry Under-Bailly he had Spies,
 Knew all their Cunning, all their Knaveries.
 His House lay tight, and kept in good Repair,
 Beside a Heath, and in a healthy Air;
 Close in a Corner, couch'd behind a Row
 Of spreading Trees; the Building snug and low.
 The Man was warm, with Wealth in private stor'd,
 And abler far to purchase than his Lord.
 He knew his Honour's Humour to a Hair,
 When it was fit to ask, or to forbear.

When-

Whene'er his Lordship wanted a Supply,
 He with a busie careful Face would fly;
 Run here and there; then bring the Luggage home,
 And only help his Master to his own.
 He (as those generous Lords are us'd to do)
 Not only thanks him, but rewards him too.
 This Steward rode upon a sturdy Jade,
 And on his Side he wore a rusty Blade.
 A Wheelwright he had been, in *Norfolk* known,
 In all the Villages near *Baldswell* Town:
 Tuck'd round his Waste like any Fry'ar was he,
 And still rode hindmost of the Company.

The Sumner, or Apparitor.

This Sumner was not over-stock'd with Grace;
 He had a bloated, broad, *Cherubic* Face;
 Of fiery Hue; with hollow Eyes and narrow;
 Red as a Cock, and Letch'rous as a Sparrow.

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Black were his Eye-brows, bristled was his Beard,
And much the Children his stern Visage fear'd.
His Nose with Carbuncles was overspread,
His Cheeks with white Whelks, on a ground of Red.
No inward Med'cine he could e'er procure,
Had Pow'r sufficient to effect their Cure.
Not new kill'd *Quick-silver* with *Ceruse* too,
Brimstone, nor Oil of *Tartar*, ought cou'd do.
Strong bloody Wine he lov'd, and well-dress'd Fish,
And stunk of Garlick like a *Spanish* Dish:
When he was Drunk; he'd talk a Man to Death,
And belch out *Latin* with unfavoury Breath.
Two or three common Fragments he could say;
No wonder, for he heard it all the Day:
But if you press'd him farther, you might see
A sudden end of his Philosophy.
A leud young Fellow, for a Quart of Wine,
Might for a Twelve-month have his Concubine.

He

He taught his loose Companions in their Sport,
 T'evade the Censure of th' Arch-deacon's Court:
 But if a rich libidinous Prize he found,
 Him he inclos'd within his bawdy Pound.
 This, as no vulgar Secret he would tell,
A large full Purse is the Arch-deacon's Hell.
 If rich Mens Souls within their Purser lie,
 'Tis just their Sins be punish'd there, say I.
 To him all Wenches in the Bishop's See
 Paid publick Tribute, or a private Fee.
 Boldly he rode, a Garland on his Head;
 Of all unmarried Men and Maids, the Dread.

The Pardoner.

A Pardon-monger last brought up the Rear,
 With Patriarchal Face, and Holy Leer:
 His Hair was of the Hue of yellow Wax,
 Straight and unequal as a stricke of Flax.

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Yet long, and thin it grew from his large Head,
 And all his brawny Shoulders over-spread,
 Divided into parcels here and there:
 No gaudy Hood conceal'd his golden Hair;
 For that, with Care, was in his Wallet laid,
 Where many Curiosities he had.
 Except a little Cap, he rode all bare;
 With glaring Eyes, like a new started Hare,
 A *holy Figure* stich'd upon his Cap;
 His Wallet hung before him on his Lap,
 Stuff'd and cram'd full of Pardons, newly come,
 For greedy Zealots, piping hot from *Rome*.
 Shrill was his Voice as any Mountain Goat,
 Aloud he said his Orisons by rote:
 A Beard he never had, nor e'er will have,
 No Barber took the Pains that Chin to shave:
 He might have been a Gelding, or a Mare;
 But never sure from *Barwick* even to *Ware*,

Was

Was Pard'ner furnish'd with such precious Geere;
 For in his Male he had a Pillowbere,
 Which *piously was thought* our Lady's Veil;
 He kept, beside, a *Gobbet* of the *Sail*
 Which *Peter* had (and now this Pard'ner hath)
 When Christ rebuk'd him for his little Faith.
 A Cross he shew'd of Tin, set full of Stones;
 And in a Glass, a number of *Pigs* Bones.
 With these, more Pardons daily he'd dispence,
 In one poor Village would collect more Pence,
 (As by Record too plainly does appear)
 Than a poor Parson lab'ring all the Year.
 Thus with feign'd Flatteries and Holy Tools,
 He made the Parson and the People Fools.

Howe'er, to tell the Truth just as it stood;
 He seem'd in Church, *Ecclesiastick* good.

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A Lesson he could read, or tell a Story,
And roar the Psalter with no little Glory;
But best of all an Offertory sung;
So loud, so chearful, that the Chappel rung;
This gain'd him Pence from the deluded Crowd;
Therefore he sung so chearful, and so loud.



*EPITAPH on the Monument of the
Marquis of Winchester.*

By Mr. D R I D E N.

HE who in impious Times undaunted stood,
 And midst Rebellion durst be just and ^{[good;}
 Whose Arms asserted, and whose Sufferings more
 Confirm'd the Cause for which he fought before,
 Rests here, rewarded by an Heavenly Prince,
 For what his Earthly could not recompence.
 Pray (Reader) that such Times no more appear,
 Or, if they happen, learn true Honour here.

Ark of thy Age's Faith and Loyalty,
 Which (to preserve them) Heav'n confin'd in thee,
 Few Subjects could a King like thine deserve,
 And fewer such a King so well cou'd serve.
 Blest King, blest Subject, whose exalted State
 By Sufferings rose, and gave the Law to Fate.

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Such Souls are rare ; but mighty Patterns given
To Earth, were meant for Ornaments to Heaven.



*Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston
of Barningham in Norfolk.*

By the same Hand.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet ;
So ripe a Judgment, and so rare a Wit,
Require at least an Age, in One to meet.
In her they met ; but long they cou'd not stay,
'Twas Gold too fine to fix without Allay :
Heav'ns Image was in her so well exprest,
Her very Sight upbraided all the rest.
Too justly ravish'd from an Age like this ;
Now *she* is gone, the World is of a Piece.

Paying

Paying a Visit to a Mistress on Sunday.

SURE, when I rob my Maker of his Due,
 And with Devotion pay the rest to you ;
 The World will say that I adore Thee, Fair,
 Abruptly leaving my unfinish'd Prayer.
 What shall I do ? When with an eager Zeal
 To Heav'n I bow, and on low Earth I kneel ;
 The dear Remembrance of my charming She
 Pleasingly interrupts my Piety.
 As if the Gods thought her the surest way
 To gain my Wish, and taught me where to Pray.

Up straight I rose, I'll come, said I, and bow
 To Thee, O Goddess, easie to my Vow.

From

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From fordid, groveling Dust, to something
 With double Extasie my Thoughts aspire; ^[higher]
 Love and Religion burn with equal Fire.
 I seem'd translated, and methought I flew,
 Methought some Angel from the Temple drew
 My raptur'd Soul, and here I find it true.

But when I left the Consecrated Place,
 How did th'unknowing Herd of Zealots gaze!
 What Censures of uncharitable Blame
 I bore, revil'd for my *Emilia's* Name!
 Poor Men! they knew not that I went to find
 A better Temple in her beauteous Mind.
 They knew not how each Minute we improve,
 Blind in Devotion, but more blind in Love.

Be Thou, my Fair, like some mysterious Book,
 Where none but I, thy Minister, may look;
 Where

Where no prophaner Mortal's vent'rous Rage
Shall rowl the Leaves, or breath upon the Page.

In Sacred Buildings others may delight,
Gaze at th'expensive and stupendious height:
I slight your painted Windows, nor admire
A well-built Steeple, or a Starry Spire.
Let Holy Crowds to gawdy Churches go,
While I none other, but my Mistrefs know.
With Mortal Labours let their Temples shine,
The Builder of the World created Mine.



SONG

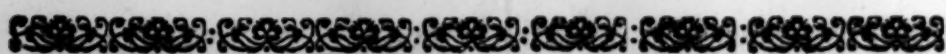
S O N G.

Set to Musick by Mr. J. BARRET.

MYRTILLA, like Time, is always a flying,
 She refuses my Tears, and regards not my ^{[Sighing,}
 If once she slips by me, O then I complain,
 For no Wishes, nor Words can recal her again.

My Friend, be advis'd, for Old *Time* has, you
 A Lock on his Forehead, *Myrtilla* below. ^{[know,}

If then you would have her to fly you no more,
 To hold her, like *Time*, you must take her before:



Drinking a Glass of good Florence.
 Extempore.

WHEN Father *Saturn* fled from grace-
 He found below what he had lost above. ^{[lest Jove,}

He found good *Florence* on the *Tuscan* Coast ;
 Suffieient Recompence for *Nectar* lost!

Part of the

Fourteenth Chapter of *Isaiah**Paraphras'd in Blank Verse.*

NOW has th' Almighty Father, seated high
 In ambient Glories, from th' Eternal Throne
 Vouchsaf'd Compassion; and th' afflictive Pow'r
 Has broke, whose Iron Sceptre long had bruis'd
 The groaning Nations. Now returning *Peace*,
 Dove-ey'd, and roab'd in White, the blisful Land
 Deigns to revisit; whilst beneath her Steps
 The Soil, with Civil Slaughter oft manur'd,
 Pours forth abundant Olives. Their high Tops
 The Cedars wave, exulting o'er thy Fall,
 Whose Steel from the tall Monarch of the Grove
 Sever'd the Regal Honours; and up tore
 The Cyons blooming in the Parent Shade.

U

When

When Vehicl'd in Flame, thou flow didst pass
 Prone thro' the Gates of Night, the dreary Realms
 With loud Acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
 (Gigantick Forms, with Human Blood besmear'd,)
 Rose from their Thrones; for Thrones they still
 Their Penance and their Guilt: Art thou, they cry, ^{[possess,}
 O emulous of our Crimes, here doom'd to Reign
 Associate of our Woe? Nor com'st thou girt
 With Livery'd Slaves, or Bands of Warrior Knights,
 Which erst before thee stood, a flatt'ring Crowd,
 Observant of thy Brow. Nor hireling Quires
 Attemp'ring to the Harp their warbled Airs
 Thy Panegyric chaunt; but hush'd in Death,
 Like us thou ly'st unwept; a Corse obscene
 With Dust, and preying Worms, bare and despoil'd
 Of ill-got Pomp. We hail thee our Compeer!

How art thou with diminish'd Glory fall'n
 From thy proud Zenith, swift as Meteors glide

Aslope a Summer Eve ! Of all the Stars
 Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
 To share Divinity, or haply more,
 Elated as Supream when o'er the North
 Thy bloody Banner stream'd, to rightful Kings
 Portending ruinous Downfal; wond'rous low,
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
 Disroab'd of all thy Splendors. Round thee stand
 The swarming Populace, and with fix'd Regard
 Eying thee pale and breathless, spend their Rage
 In taunting Speech, and jovial ask their Friends,
 Is this **THE MIGHTY**, whose Imperious Yoke
 We bore reluctant; who to desert Wilds
 And Haunts of Savages transform'd the Marts,
 And Capital Cities raz'd, pronouncing Thrall
 Or Exile on the Peerage? How becalm'd
 The Tyrant lies, whose Nostrils used to breath
 Tempests of Wrath, and shook establish'd Thrones.

292 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

In solemn State the Bones of pious Kings,
 Gather'd to their Great Sires, are safe repos'd
 Beneath the weeping Vault. But thou, a Branch
 Blasted and Curst by Heav'n, to Dogs and Fowls
 Art doom'd a Banquet ; mingling some Remains
 With Criminals unabsolv'd ; on all thy Race
 Transmitting Guilt and Vengeance. From thy
 Thy Children sculk erroneous and forlorn,^{[Domes}
 Fearing Perdition, and for Mercy sue
 With Eyes uplift, and Tearful. From thy Seed
 The Sceptre Heav'n resumes, by thee Usurpt
 By Guile and Force, and sway'd with lawless Rage.



A S O N G

*Written at Sea, by the late Earl of Dorset, in
the first Dutch War.*

I.

TO all ye Ladies now at Land
We Men at Sea indite;
But first wou'd have ye understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and *Neptune* too
We must implore to write to you.

With a Fa la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the Muses shou'd prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain,
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouze the Wind
To wave the azure Main,

294 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Our Paper, Pen and Ink, and we
Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.

With a Fa, &c.

III.

Then if we write not by each Post

Think not we are unkind,

Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost

By *Dutchmen* or by Wind;

Our Tears we'll fend a speedier way,

The Tide shall bring 'em twice a Day.

With a Fa, &c.

IV.

The King with Wonder and Surprize

Will swear the Seas grow bold,

Because the Tides will higher rise,

Than e'er they us'd of old:

But let Him know it is our Tears

Bring Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs.

With a Fa, &c.

V.

Shou'd Foggy *Opdam* chance to know
 Our sad and dismal Story,
 The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
 And quit their Fort at *Goree*;
 For what Resistance can they find
 From Men who've left their Hearts behind?
With a Fa, &c.

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
 No Sorrow we shall find;
 'Tis then no Matter how things go,
 Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
 We throw a merry Main;

296 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Or else at serious *Ombre* play ;

But why shou'd we in vain
Each others Ruin thus pursue ?

We were undone when we left you.

With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,

And cast our Hopes away,

Whilst you regardless of our Woe

Sit careless at a Play ;

Perhaps permit some happier Man

To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful Tune you hear,

That dies in ev'ry Note,

As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,

For being so remote ;

Think

Think then how often Love we've made
To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.

With a Fa, &c.

X.

In Justice you cannot refuse
To think of our Distress,
When we for hopes of Honour lose
Our certain Happiness;
All those Designs are but to prove
Our selves more worthy of your Love.

With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
And likewise all our Fears ;
In hope this Declaration moves,
Some Pity for our Tears,
Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.

With a Fa la, la, la, la.

A LA MODE.

MY better self, my Heav'n, my Joy!
While thus Imparadis'd I lye,

Transported in thy circling Arms

With fresh Variety of Charms,

From Fate I scarce can think to crave

A Bliss, but what in thee I have.

Twelve Months, my Dear, have past, since thou

Didst plight to me thy Virgin Vow ;

Twelve Months in Rapture spent ! for they

Seem shorter than *St. Lucy's Day* ;

A bright Example we shall prove

Of lasting matrimonial Love.

Mean while, I beg the Gods to grant

(The only Favour that I want)

That

That I may not survive, to see
 My Happiness expire with thee.
 O! thou'd I lose my dearest Dear,
 By thee, and all that's good I swear,
 I'd give my self the fatal Blow,
 And wait thee to the World below.

When W HEADLE thus to Spouse in Bed
 Spoke the best things he e'er had read,
 Madam (surpriz'd, you must suppose it,)
 Had lock'd a Templer in the Closet;
 A Youth of pregnant Parts, and Worth,
 To play at *Picquet*, and so forth——
 This Wag, when he had heard the whole,
 Demurely to the Curtains stole;
 And peeping in, with solemn Tone
 Cry'd out, *O Man! Thy Days are done:*

300 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

*The Gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;
To save their Fav'rite from Self-murder :
Lo! thus I execute their Order.*
Hold, Sir, for second Thoughts are best,
The Husband cry'd; 'tis my Request
With Pleasure to prolong my Life.—
Your Meaning?——Pray, Sir, take my Wife.



THE

Chaucer (9)

TRANSLATIONS.

301

THE
MILLER of *Trompington*,
OR, THE
REVE's TALE from *Chaucer*.

By Mr. BETTERTON.

A T *Trompington*, not far from *Cambridge*,
Across a pleasant Stream, a Bridge of Wood.^{[stood;}
Near it, a *Mill*, in low and plashy Ground,
Where Corn for all the neighb'ring Parts was
The sturdy Miller with his powder'd Locks,^{[grown'd.}
Proud as a Peacock, subtle as a Fox,
Could Pipe, and Fish, and Wrestle, throw a Net,
Turn drinking Cups, and teach young Dogs to Set.
Brawny,

Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was every Limb,
But few durst venture to contend with him.
A Dagger hanging at his Belt he had,
Made of an ancient Sword's well-temper'd Blade.
He wore a *Sheffield* Whittle in his Hose.
Broad was his Face, and very flat his Nose.
Bald as an Ape behind was this Man's Crown,
No one could better beat a Market down.
But Millers will be Thieves; he us'd to Steal,
Slyly, and artfully, much Corn, and Meal.

This Miller's Wife came of a better Race,
The Parson's Daughter of the Town she was.
Her Portion small, her Education high,
She had her Breeding in a *Nunnery*.
Whoe'er he Marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)
Should be a Maid, well born, and nicely bred.

You'd

You'd laugh to see him, in his best Array,
 Strutting before her on a Holyday.
 If any boldly durst accost his Wife,
 He drew his Dagger, or his *Sheffield* Knife.
 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous Fool;
 She manag'd cunningly her stubborn Tool.
 To all beneath her insolently high,
 Walk'd like a Duck, and chatter'd like a Pye :
 Proud of her breeding, froward, full of Scorn,
 As if she were of noble Parents born.
 With other Virtues of the same degree,
 All learn'd in that choice School, the *Nunnery*.

Their Daughter was just twenty, course and
 A Boy too in a Cradle, fix Months old. [bold.
 Thick, short, and brawny, this plump Damsel was,
 Her Nose was flat, her Eyes were grey as Glass.

Her

304 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

Her Haunches broad, with Breasts up to her Chin,
Fair was her Hair, but tawny was her Skin.

A mighty Trade this lusty Miller drove,
All for Convenience came, not one for Love.
Much Grift from *Cambridge* to his lot did fall,
And all the Corn they us'd at *Scholars Hall*.
Their *Manciple* fell dangerously ill ;
Bread must be had, their Grift went to the Mill.
This *Simkin* moderately stole before,
Their Steward sick, he robb'd 'em tentimes more.
Their Bread fell short ; the *Warden* storm'd ; with
Examin'd those who brought it from the Mill. ^{[Skill,}
The Miller to a strict account they call,
He impudently swears, he gave 'em all.

Two poor young Scholars, hungry, much di-
(Who thought themselves more wise than all the ^{[strefs'd,}
^[rest]
Intreat

Intreat the *Warden*, the next Corn he sent,
 To trust it to their prudent Management.
 Both would attend him with such Care, and Art,
 Desie him then to steal the smallest Part.

At last the *Warden* grants what they desire,
 All is got ready as these two require.
 Bold Men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd;
 One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd.
 Both Northern Men, both in one Town were
 They mount, and lead the Horse that bears the ^{[Born,}
 Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not stray: ^[Corn]
 Fear nothing, he replies, I know the Way.
 Thus they jog on, and on the Road contrive
 To catch the Thief; till at the Mill they arrive.

Ho *Sim*, says *John*, what ho, the Miller there?
 Who calls, cries *Simkin*, tell me who you are?

306 *Miscellaneous POEMS and*

How fares your comely Daughter and your Wife?

What, *John* and *Allen*? welcome by my Life!

The Miller said; what Wind has blown you hither?

That which makes old Wives trudge, brought us [together.]

Who keeps no Man, must his own Servant be,

Our *Mangie* is very sick, and we

Are with the Corn from our good *Warden* come,

To see it grown'd, and bring it safely home,

Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the haste you may,

It shall be done (he says) without delay,

What will you do while I have this in Hand?

Says *John*, just at the Hopper will I stand,

(In my whole Life I never saw Grist grown'd,)

And mark the Clack, how justly it will sound,

A ha, *Chum John* (says *Allen*) will you so?

Then will I watch how it steals out below.

Sim,

Sim, at their Plot; maliciously did smile;
 None cou'd; they thought, such learned Clarks
 He meant to cast a Mist before their Eye,
 (In sight of all their fine Philosophy.)
 Neither should find where he convey'd the Meal;
 The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd Steal.
 These Scholars for their Flour, shall have the Bran;
 The learned 'st Clark, is not the wisest Man.
 Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the Head,
 Their Horse hung fasten'd underneath a Shed;
 He slips the Bridle o'er his Neck; the Steed
 Makes to the Fens, where Mares and Fillies feed.
 Unmis'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fixt at his Post,
 And *Allen* diligent no Meal was lost.
 Now do me Justice Friends, he says, you can
 Convince your *Warden* I'm an honest Man.
 Now the great Work is done, their Corn is grown'd,
 The Grist is sack'd, and ev'ry Sack well bound.

308 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

John runs to fetch the Horse ; aloud he cries,
 Come hither *Allen* ; *Allen* to him flies.
 O Friend, we are undone — What mean you, *John* ?
 Look, there's the *Bridle*, but our *Horse* is gone !
 Gone ! whither ? says he, — Nay Heav'n knows,
 Out bolts *Sim's* Wife, and (with a ready Lie)
 She cries, I saw him toss his Head and play,
 Then slip the loosen'd Reins, and Trot away.
 Which Way ? they both demand — With wanton
 I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon Fenny Grounds :
 Wild Mares and Colts in those low Marshes feed.
 Away the Scholars run with utmost speed,
 Forget their former cautious Husbandry ;
 Their Sack does at the Miller's Mercy lie.
 He half a Bushel of their Flour does take,
 Then bids his Wife secure it in a Cake.
 I'll send these empty Boys again to School,
 To plod and study who's the greater Fool.

Look

Look where the Learned Blockheads make their
Let us be merry, while those Children play. [way,
These silly Scholars ran from place to place,
Now here, now there, unequal was the Chace.

They call him by his Name, Whistle, and cry
Ho *Ball*; but *Ball* is pleas'd with Liberty.

At Night into a narrow Place they brought him,
Drove him into a Ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as Cattle in the Rain,
Allen, and simple *John*, come back again.

Alas, cries *John*, would I had ne'er been born!

When we return we shall be laught to Scorn.

Call'd by the *Fellows*, and our *Warden*, Fools;

Our Grist is stoln, and we the Miller's Fools.

Thus *John* complains; *Allen* without remorse

Goes to the Barn, and in he turns the Horse.

Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with
 They find the Miller sitting at his Fire. [Mire;
 We can't return, they say, before 'tis Light;
 So beg for Lodging in your Mill to Night.

Simkin replies, Welcome with all my Heart,
 I'll find you out the most convenient Part:
 My House is straight, but you are learned Men;
 You can by dint of Argument maintain,
 That Twenty Yards a Mile in breadth comprise:
 Now shew your Art, and make a Miller wise,
 Your merry Friend; but wet and clammy Earth,
 Hunger and Cold, provokes few Men to Mirth.
 A Man complies with necessary things,
 Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
 'Tis Meat and Drink we earnestly desire;
 To warm and dry us with a better Fire.

Look,

TRANSLATIONS. 311

Look, we have Coin to pay what you demand ;
We ne'er catch Falcons with an empty Hand.

Sim lends his Daughter to a Neighbouring
For good strong Ale, and roasts a well-fed Goose.

Tho' homely was this Room, it was not small ;

They had no other, it must serve 'em all.

The Daughter makes for these two Youths a Bed,
Lays on clean Sheets, with Blankets fairly spread,

Twelve Foot beyond, in the remotest place,

There stood another for their Daughter Grace.

The Supper does with sprightly Mirth abound,

Each has his Jest, the nappy Ale goes round.

Nor the Squab Daughter, nor the Wife were nice,

Each Health the Youths began, Sim pledg'd it

The heady Liquor stupifies their Care,

But Midnight past, they all to Rest repair.

The Miller yawn'd, his Eyes began to close;
 The Wife got *Sim* to Bed, he had his Dose.
 She follow'd him, but she was gay and light,
 Her Whistle had been wetted too that Night;
 She plac'd the Child in Cradle by her Side,
 To give it Suck, or Rock it if it cry'd.
 The Daughter too, when once the Ale was gone,
 Retir'd to Bed; so *Allen* did, and *John*.
 Sleep on the most did instantly prevail;
 The Miller's lusty Dose of potent Ale
 Made him like any Stone-Horse snort and snore,
 The Treble was behind, the Base before:
 The Wife's Horse-Tenor vacant Parts did fill,
 The Daughter bore her part with wondrous Skill,
 They might be heard a Furlong from the Mill.

When this melodious Consort first began,
 Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his Friend *John*.

It is impossible to sleep, he says,
 I'll up and Dance, while this choice Musick plays.
 He cries, What means my Brother? — *Allen* said,
 I mean to steal into the Daughter's Bed.
 'Tis said, the Man who in one Point is griev'd,
 Ought in another Point to be reliev'd.
 Our Corn is stoln, and we like Fools are caught,
 The Daughter shall repay the Father's Fault. —
 O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,
 'Fore Heav'n the Miller is a dangerous Man!
 Should he discover you, I would be loath
 The Thief should wreak his Vengeance on us both.
 I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young;
 Tho' he's well set, my Sinews are as strong.
 Then up he gets; *now Friend goodluck* (he said.)
 The Daughter's Trumpet, led him to her Bed.
 Half stupified with Ale, she sprawling lay;
 He softly creeping in, soon hit his way;

Soon

334 Miscellaneous POEMS and

Soon put all knotty Questions out of doubt;
Stopping her Mouth, prevented crying out.

John, grumbling lay, while Allen's Place ^{was}
Am I then idle, while my Friend's employ'd ^{void};
He can revenge himself for all his Harms;
He has the Miller's Daughter in his Arms,
While I lye spiritless, benumb'd and cold;
I shall be fear'd to Death when this is told.
They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin.
Faint Heart, they say, did ne'er fair Lady win.

Then up he rose, and softly groaping round,
He found the Cradle standing on the Ground,
(Close by the Miller's Bed; this unespied
He took, and set it by his own Bed-side.
The Miller's Wife had no more Grift to grind,
(Some Mills by Water move, and some by Wind.)

The

The proper Utenfil not plac'd at hand,
 She rose, by pure Necessity constrain'd.
 That grand Affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
 Her Husband's Bed: no Cradle could be found.
 Where am I? *Benedicite*, she said!
 This is undoubtedly the Scholar's Bed.
 Then turning t'otherway, her Hand did light
 Full on the Cradle,—Now, she cry'd, I am right.
 Lifting the Cloaths, into the Bed she leap'd,
 And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept:
 In a short time he takes her in his Arms,
 And kindly treats her with unusual Charms.
 She thought (strange Fancies working in her Mind)
 Some *Saint* had made her Husband over-kind.
 Propitious Stars this Fortune did bestow
 On both, till the third Cock began to Crow.
 Now *Allen* fancied Light would soon appear,
 He kiss'd the Wench, and said, My *Grace*, my Dear;

316 *Miscellaneous* POEMS and

Thou kindest of thy Sex, the Day comes on,
 And we must part — Alas, will you begon,
 She said, and leave poor harmless me alone? —
 If I stay longer, we are both undone ;
 For should your Father wake and find me here,
 What will become of me, and you, my Dear?
 That dreadful Thought (she cries) distracts my
 Too soon you won me, and too soon we part. ^{[Heart;}
 Then clinging round his Neck, with weeping Eyes,
 She says, Remember me! *Allen* replies,
 I'll quickly find occasion to return;
 You shall not long for *Allen's* Absence mourn.
 Farewel she cries! But, Dearest, one Word more;
 You'll find upon a Sack behind the Door
 A Cake, and under it a Bag of Meal:
 The Flour my Father and my self did steal,
 Out of your Sack; but take it, 'tis your own.
 Be careful, Love, — not a Word more, begone.
 Now

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his Bed,
 By chance his Hand laid on the Cradle-head,
 And shrinking from it, said (with no small Fear)
 That Rogue the Miller, and his Wife lie there.
 Turning, he finds *Sim's* Palate, in he crept;
 I'm right, he says, dull *John* all Night has slept.
 Then shaking him—Wake Swineherd, *Allen* cries,
 I've joyful News—What? grumbling, *Sim* replies.
 I am the luckiest Rogue—by this *No Light*,
 I have had full Employment all the Night.
 The Daughter kindly paid her Father's Score,
 All Night I have embrac'd her—O the Whore!
 O thou false Traytor, Clerke! Thou hast defil'd
 Our honest Family, deflower'd our Child!
 Thy Life shall answer it;—with that he caught
 At *Allen's* Throat; young *Allen* stoutly fought.
 Both give and take, returning Blows with Blows;
 But *Allen* stroke the Miller on the Nose

With

318 Miscellaneous POEMS and

With all his force; four flies the streaming Gore,
 And down it runs. They tumble on the Floor;
 Then up they get, labouring with equal strife:
 Sim tumbled backward quite across his Wife.
 She fast asleep, none of this Scuffle heard.
 Waked by his Fall, and heartily afraid!
 Help, holy Cross of Broholme! (O faint!)
 Help my good Angel! Help my Patron Saint!
 The Fiend lies on me like a Load of Lead!
 Remove this Devil, this Night-Mare, or I'm dead!
 Then up starts John, and turns 'em from the Wife,
 Hunts for a Cudgel to conclude the strife;
 Up gets the Miller, Allen grasps him close;
 Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose:
 Out steps the Wife, well knowing where they
 In a by-corner, a tough piece of Wood; [stood,
 On this she seised, and by a glimmering Light
 Which enter'd at a Chink saw something whiter.

But,

But,

TRANSLATIONS. M 319

But, by a foul Mistake, 'twas her Husband
 To take his bald Bare for the Scholar's Cap;
 She lifts the Staff it fell on his bare Crown;
 Strong was the Blow, the knock'd her Husband
 O! I am Slain, the Miller loudly cry'd:
 Live to be hang'd, thou Thief, Allen reply'd.
 Away they go, first take their Meal and Cake,
 Then lay the Grist upon their Horse's Back.
 To Scholar's Hall they march, for now 'twas
 Pleas'd with the strange Adventures of the Night.

The Wife the Scholars curses, binds his Head,
 Then lifts him up, and lays him on the Bed.
 O Wife, says Sim, our Daughter is dead,
 That Villain Allen has debauch'd our Child.
 Mistaking me for John, he told me all,
 Ten thousand Furies plague that Scholars-Hall!

320 *Miscellaneous* POEMS *and*

O false abusive Knave! (the Wife reply'd)
 In ev'ry Word the Villain spake he ly'd.
 I wak'd, and heard our harmless Child complain;
 And rose, to know the Cause, and ease her Pain.
 I found her torn with Gripes, a Dram I brought,
 And made her take a comfortable Draught.
 Then lay down by her, chaff'd her swelling Breast,
 And lull'd her in these very Arms to Rest.
 All was Contrivance, Malice all and Spight,
 I have not parted from her all this Night.
Then is she Innocent? Ay by my Life,
 As pure and spotless—as thy Bosom Wife.
I'm satisfied, says *Sim.* O that damn'd Hall!
 I'll do the best I can to starve 'em All.
 And thus the Miller of his Fear is eas'd,
 The Mother and the Daughter both well pleas'd.



THE

THE
RAPE of the *LÖCKE*.

AN
HEROI-COMICAL
P O E M.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos,
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MART. Lib. 12. Ep. 86.

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT. 1712.

REPORT OF THE LOCKE

THE ROYAL CANADIAN

M E O

1973 12 21 mail call mail to home 1



THE
RAPE *of the* LOCKE.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire Offence from Am'rous Cau-
[ses springs,
What mighty Quarrels rise from Trivial
[Things,
I sing—This Verse to C—l, Muse! is due;
This, ev'n *Belinda* may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my Lays.

Say what strange Motive, Goddess! cou'd com-
[pel
A well-bred *Lord* t'assault a gentle *Belle*?
Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd,
Cou'd make a gentle *Belle* reject a *Lord*?
And dwells such Rage in *softest Bosoms* then?
And lodge such daring Souls in *Little Men*?

A a 2

So

Sol thro' white Curtains did his Beams display,
And op'd those Eyes which brighter shine than ^{[they;}
Shock just had giv'n himself the rowzing Shake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their *Chocolate* to take;
Thrice the wrought Slipper knock'd against the
And striking Watches the tenth Hour resound. ^{[Ground,}
Belinda rose, and 'midst attending Dames
Launch'd on the Bosom of the silver *Thames*:
A Train of well-drest Youths around her shone,
And ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone;
On her white Breast a sparkling *Cross* she wore,
Which *Jews* might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,
Quick as her Eyes, and as unfixt as those:
Favours to none, to all the Smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun her Eyes the Gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet

Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride,
Might hide her Faults, if *Belles* had Faults to hide:
If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forgive 'em all.

This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck.
Love in these Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains.
With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray,
Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny Prey,
Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race insnare,
And Beauty draws us with a *single Hair*.

Th'Adventrous *Baron* the bright Locks admir'd,
He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd:

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray;
For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends.

For this, e'er *Phæbus* rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly *Love*—to *Love* an Altar built,
Of twelve vast *French* Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay the Sword-knot *Sylvia's* Hands had
With *Flavia's* Busk that oft had rapp'd his own: ^{[sown,}
A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves;
And all the Trophies of his former Loves.
With tender *Billet-doux* he lights the Pyre,
And breaths three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize:

The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air.

Close by those Meads for ever crown'd with
Where *Thames* with Pride surveys his rising ^{[Flow'rs,} Tow'rs,
There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame,
Which from the neighb'ring *Hampton* takes its
Here *Britain's* Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom ^{[Name.}
Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here Thou, great *Anna!* whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take---and sometimes *Tea*.

Hither our Nymphs and Heroes did resort,
To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court;
In various Talk the chearful hours they past,
Of, who was *Bitt*, or who *Capotted* last:
This speaks the Glory of the *British Queen*,
And that describes a charming *Indian Screen*;

A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes;

At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies.

Snuff, or the *Fan*, supply each Pause of Chatt,

With finging, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Now, when declining from the Noon of Day,

The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;

When hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,

And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine;

When Merchants from th' *Exchange* return in
[Peace,
And the long Labours of the *Toilette* cease—

The Board's with Cups and Spoons, alternate,

The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round;
[crown'd;

On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise

The silver *Lamp*, and fiery Spirits blaze;

From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,

And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tyde:

At

At once they gratifie their Smell and Taste,
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.
Coffee, (which makes the Politician wife,
And see thro' all things with his half shut Eyes)
Sent up in Vapours to the *Baron's* Brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Locke to gain.
Ah cease rash Youth! desist e'er 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of * *Scylla's* Fate!
Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flitt in Air,
She dearly pays for *Nisus'* injur'd Hair!

But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Mind,
How soon fit Instruments of Ill they find?
Just then, *Clarissa* drew with tempting Grace
A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case;
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight.

* *Vide* Ovid. *Metam.* 8.

He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little Engine on his Finger's Ends,
This just behind *Belinda's* Neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head:
He first expands the glitt'ring *Forfex* wide
T'inclose the Lock; then joins it, to divide;
One fatal stroke the sacred Hair does sever
From the fair Head, for ever, and for ever!

The living Fires come flashing from her Eyes,
And Screams of Horror rend th'affrighted Skies.
Not louder Shrieks by Dames to Heav'n are cast,
When Husbands die, or *Lap-dogs* breath their last,
Or when rich *China* Vessels fal'n from high,
In glittering Dust and painted Fragments lie!

Let Wreaths of triumph now my Temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!

While

While Fish in Streams, or Birds delight in Air,
Or in a Coach and Six the *British* Fair,
As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
Or the small Pillow grace a Lady's Bed,
While *Visits* shall be paid on solemn Days,
When num'rous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze,
While Nymphs take Treats, or Assignations give,
So long my Honour, Name, and Praise shall live!

What Time wou'd spare, from Steel receives its
And Monuments, like Men, submit to Fate! [date,
Steel did the Labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to Dust th' aspiring Tow'rs of *Troy*;
Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the ground.
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd
The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel? [feel

T H E



THE
RAPE *of the* LOCKE.

CANTO II.

BUT anxious Cares the pensive Nymph op-^{[prest,}
And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast.
Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive,
Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive,
Not ardent Lover robb'd of all his Blifs,
Not ancient Lady when refus'd a Kiss,
Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not *Cynthia* when her *Manteau's* pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such Rage, Resentment, and Despair,
As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

While

While her rackt Soul Repose and Peace requires,
The fierce *Thalestris* fans the rising Fires.
O wretched Maid (she spread her hands, and cry'd,
And *Hampton's* Ecchoes, wretched Maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took such constant Care,
Combs, Bodkins, Leads, Pomatums, to prepare?
For this your Locks in Paper Durance bound,
For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around?
Oh had the Youth but been content to seize
Hairs less in sight — or any Hairs but these!
Gods! shall the Ravisher display this Hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine
Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign.
Methinks already I your Tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded Toast,
And all your Honour in a Whisper lost!

How

How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend?
 'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend!
 And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,
 Expos'd thro' *Crystal* to the gazing Eyes,
 And heighten'd by the *Diamond's* circling Rays,
 On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze?
 Sooner shall Grass in *Hide-Park Circus* grow,
 And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of *Bow*;
 Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to *Chaos* fall,
 Men, Monkeys, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to *Sir Plume* repairs,
 And bids her *Beau* demand the precious Hairs:
 (*Sir Plume*, of *Amber Snuff-box* justly vain,
 And the nice Conduct of a *clouded Cane*)
 With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,
 He first the *Snuff-box* open'd, then the Case,

And

And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"Z--ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be ^{[Devil ?}
"Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay prithee, Pox! ^{[civil!}
"Give her the Hair—he spoke, and rapp'd his Box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain.
But * by this Locke, this sacred Locke I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted Hair,
Which never more its Honours shall renew,
Clipt from the lovely Head where once it grew)
That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,
This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking in proud Triumph spread
The long-contended Honours of her Head.

But see! the *Nymph* in Sorrow's Pomp appears,
Her Eyes half languishing, half drown'd in Tears;

* In allusion to Achilles's Oath in Homer. *Il.* 1.

Now livid pale her Cheeks, now glowing red;
 On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,
 Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested Day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,
 If *Hampton-Court* these Eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,
 By Love of Courts to num'rous Ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
 In some lone *Isle*, or distant *Northern Land*;
 Where the gilt *Chariot* never mark'd the way,
 Where none learn *Ombre*, none e'er taste *Bohea*!
 There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye,
 Like *Roses* that in *Desarts* bloom and die.
 What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rove?
 O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home!

'Twas

'Twas this, the Morning *Omens* did foretel;
Thrice from my trembling hand the *Patch-box* fell;
The tott'ring *China* shook without a Wind,
Nay, *Poll* fate mute, and *Shock* was most *Unkind*!
See the poor Remnants of this flighted Hair!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy own did spare.
This, in two fable Ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck.
The Sister-Locke now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs! the fatal Sheers demands;
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands.

She said: the pitying Audience melt in Tears,
But *Fate* and *Jove* had stopp'd the *Baron's* Ears.
In vain *Thalestris* with Reproach assails,
For who can move when fair *Belinda* fails?

Not half so fixt the *Trojan* cou'd remain,
 While *Anna* begg'd and *Dido* rag'd in vain.
 To Arms, to Arms! the bold *Thalestris* cries,
 And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies.
 All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack;
 Fans clap, Silks ruffle, and tough Whalebones crack;
 Heroes and Heroins Shouts confus'dly rise,
 And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies.
 No common Weapons in their Hands are found,
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound.

* So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage,
 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage;
 'Gainst *Pallas*, *Mars*; *Latona*, *Hermes* Arms;
 And all *Olympus* rings with loud Alarms.
Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around;
 Blue *Neptune* storms, the bellowing Deeps resound;

* *Homer. Il. 20.*

Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground
And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day! ^{[gives way,}

While thro' the Press enrag'd *Thalestris* flies,
And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,
A *Beau* and *Witling* perish'd in the Throng,
One dy'd in *Metaphor*, and one in *Song*.
O cruel Nymph! a living Death I bear,
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his Chair.
A mournful Glance *Sir Fopling* upwards cast,
Those Eyes are made so killing——was his last:
Thus on *Meander's* flow'ry Margin lies
Th'expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

As bold *Sir Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
Chloë stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,
But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again.

* Now *Jove* suspends his golden Scales in Air,
 Weighs the Mens Wits against the Lady's Hair;
 The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside.

See fierce *Belinda* on the *Baron* flies,
 With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes;
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his Foe to die.
 But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,
 She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd:
 Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,
 A Charge of *Snuff* the wily Virgin threw;
 Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows,
 And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose.

Now meet thy Fate, th' incens'd *Virago* cry'd,
 And drew a deadly *Bodkin* from her Side.

* *Vid.* Homer *Iliad.* 22. & Virg. *Æn.* 12.

Boast not my Fall (he said) insulting Foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to dye dejects my lofty Mind;
All that I dread, is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And still burn on, in *Cupid's* Flames, *Alive*.

Restore the Locke! she cries; and all around
Restore the Locke! the vaulted Roofs rebound.
Not fierce *Othello* in so loud a Strain
Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain.
But see! how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd,
And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!
The Locke, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought, it mounted to the Lunar Sphere,
 * Since all that Man e'er lost, is treasur'd there.
 Their Heroe's Wits are kept in pondrous Vases,
 And Beau's in *Snuff-boxes* and *Tweezer-Cases*.
 There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are
 And Lovers Hearts with Ends of Riband ^{[found,} bound;
 The Courtiers Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,
 The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs,
 Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea,
 Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes:
 (Thus *Rome's* great Founder to the Heav'ns with-
 To *Proculus* alone confess'd in view.) ^{[drew,}
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,
 And drew behind a radiant *Trail of Hair*.

* *Vid. Ariosto. Canto 34.*

Not *Berenice's* Locks first rose so bright,
The Skies bespangling with dishevel'd Light.
This, the *Beau-monde* shall from the *Mall* survey,
As thro' the Moon-light shade they nightly stray,
And hail with Musick its propitious Ray.
This *Partridge* soon shall view in cloudless Skies,
When next he looks thro' *Galilæo's* Eyes;
And hence th' *Egregious* Wizard shall foredoom
The Fate of *Louis*, and the Fall of *Rome*.

[Hair
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn the ravish'd
Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!
Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast
Shall draw such Envy as the *Locke* you lost.
For, after all the Murders of your Eye,
When, after Millions slain, your self shall die;

When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust;
This Locke, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,
And mid't the Stars inscribe *Belinda's* Name!

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Four Treatises concerning the Doctrine, Discipline and Worship of the *Mahometans*, viz. I. An Abridgment of the *Mahometan* Religion: Translated out of *Arabick* into *Latin* by *H. Reland*, and from thence into *English*. II. A Defence of the *Mahometans* from several Charges falsely laid against them by Christians: Written in *Latin* by *H. Reland*, and Translated into *English*. III. A Treatise of *Bobovius* (sometime first Interpreter to *Mahomet* IV.) concerning the Liturgy of the *Turks*, their Pilgrimage to *Mecca*, their Circumcision, Visitation of the Sick, &c. Translated from the *Latin*. IV. Reflections on *Mahometanism* and *Socinianism*; Translated from the *French*. To which is prefix'd the Life and Actions of *Mahomet*, extracted chiefly from *Mahometan* Authors.

A Discourse concerning the Resurrection of *Jesus Christ*, in three Parts. Wherein, I. The Consequences of the Doctrine are fully stated. II. The Nature and Obligation of moral Evidence are explain'd at large. III. The Proofs of the Fact of our Saviour's Resurrection, are propos'd, examin'd and fairly demonstrated, to be conclusive. Together with an Appendix concerning the impossible Production of Thought from Matter and Motion; the Nature of Human Souls, and of *Boules*, the *Anima Mundi*, and the Hypothesis of the *TOTIAN*; as also concerning Divine Providence, the Origin of Evil, and the Universe in general. By *Humphry Ditton*, Master of the New Mathematical School in *Christ's Hospital*.

The Travellers Guide, or a most exact Description of the Roads of *England*. Being Mr. *Ogleby's* actual Survey, and Mensuration by the Wheel of the great Roads from *London* to all the considerable Cities and Towns in *England* and *Wales*, together with the Cross Roads from one City or eminent Town to another. Wherein is shewn the distance from Place to Place, and plain Directions given to find the way, by setting down every Town, Village, River, Brook, Bridge, Common, Forest, Wood, Copice, Heath, Moor, &c. that occur in passing the Roads; and for the better Illustration thereof, are added Tables, wherein the Names of the Places, with their Distances, are set down in a Column, in so plain a manner, that meer Strangers may Travel all over *England* without any other Guide.

Books Printed in the Year 1712.

	l.	s.	d.
The Life of Horace , with Dr. Bentley's Preface, <i>Latin</i> and <i>English</i> .			
Persons profess no greater, or it may be they will say, less Veneration for the sacred Hymns, than for the prophane Songs of <i>Anacreon</i> or <i>Horace</i> . Dr. Bentley's first Serm. Boyle's Lect.	00	00	06
<i>Mesech</i> and <i>Keder</i> , or Reflections on a very poor Pamphlet, Entituled, Mr. Trapp's Sermon preach'd at the Parish Church of St. Martin's in the Fields on the General Fast.	00	00	03
<i>Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes, Augur, Schenobates, Medicus, Magus, Omnia Novit Graculus asuriens</i> — 2d Edit.			
A Vindication of <i>Mesech</i> and <i>Keder</i> ; or a short Answer to some Reflections cast thereupon, in a <i>Billingsgate</i> Postscript to a second Edition of Mr. Trapp's Fast-Day Sermon. Written by a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Christian.	00	00	02
<i>Qui ea, qua vult, dicit; ea qua non vult, audiet.</i> — <i>Vibrat Frontem, colloque minatur.</i>			
N. B. It cost the Nation near a Million of Mony, besides the Loss of a Ministry, to silence Dr. Sacheverell for three Years. Mr. Trapp in one Controversie, which will cost my Reader but eight Pence, is silenc'd for ever.	00	00	08
An Argument proving from History, Reason, and Scripture, that the present <i>Mohocks</i> and <i>Hawkubites</i> are the <i>Gog</i> and <i>Magog</i> mention'd in the <i>Revelations</i> ; and therefore, that this vain and transitory World will be shortly brought to its final Dissolution. Written by a Reverend Divine, who took it from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Person who was lately slain by one of the <i>Mohocks</i> .	00	00	01
An Essay on the great Affinity and mutual Agreement of the two Professions of Divinity and Law, and on the joint Interests of Church and State, in Vindication of the Clergy's concerning themselves in Political Matters: containing Reflections on some Popular Mistakes, with respect to the Original of our Civil Constitution, and to the ancient <i>English</i> Loyalty. In a Letter from a Clergyman of the Church of <i>England</i> , to an Eminent Lawyer.	00	01	00

Books Printed in the Year 1712.

The Nature and Instances of Spiritual Pride explain'd from our Saviour's Parable of the Pharisee and Publican, a Sermon preach'd before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday Nov. 11. 1711. By *William Tilly*, D. D. Fellow of C. C. C. Oxon.

l. s. d.

} 00 00 06

A Letter against Popery, particularly against admitting the Authority of Fathers and Council in Controversies of Religion. By *Sophia Charlotte*, the late Queen of Prussia. Being an Answer to a Letter written to her Majesty by Father *Vota* an Italian Jesuit; Confessor to King *Augustus*. There is prefix'd by the Publisher, a Letter containing the occasion of the Queen's writing, and an Apology for the Church of England.

} 00 00 06

The Press Restrain'd, a Poem. Occasion'd by a Resolution of the House of Commons, to consider that part of her Majesty's Message to the House which relates to the great Licence taken in Publishing false and scandalous Libels.

} 00 00 02

When the Cat's away, the Mice may play. A Fable humbly inscrib'd to Dr. *Swift*.

} 00 00 02

A Vindication of his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

00 00 02

A Voyage to the South Sea and round the World, perform'd by the Ships *Duke* and *Dutchess* from *Bristol*, in the Years 1708, 1709, 1710, and 1711. Containing a Journal of all memorable Transactions during the said Voyage; the Winds, Currents and variation of the Com-
pals; the taking the Towns of *Puna* and *Guayaquil*, and several Prizes, one of which a Rich *Acapulco* Ship. A Description of the *American* Coasts from *Tierra del Fuego* in the South, to *California* in the North (from the Coast-
ing Pilot, a *Spanish* Manuscript.) An Historical Account of all those Countries from the best Authors. With a new Map and Description of the mighty River of the *Ama-
zons*. wherein an Account is given of Mr. *Alexander Selkirk*, his manner of Living, and Taming some wild Beasts during the four Years and four Months he liv'd up-
on the uninhabited Island of *Juan Fernandes*; illustrated with Cuts and Maps. By Captain *Edward Cooke*, Comman-
der of the *Dutchess*.

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Books Printed in the Year 1712.

l. s. d.
Sixteen Sermons, all (except One) Preach'd before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's. Sermon. I. On Monday January 31. the Fast-Day for the execrable Murder of King Charles the Martyr. Sermon. II. The Nature and Necessity of Religious Resolution, in the Defence and Support of a Good Cause, in Times of Danger and Tryal. Sermon. III. The Church's Security, from the Providence of God defending Her, and the Goodness of Her own Cause, and Constitution. Sermon. IV. The Sins and Vices of Mens Lives, the chief Cause of their Ignorance, and Corrupt Opinions in Religion. Sermon. V. A return to our former Good Old Principles and Practice, the only way to restore and preserve our Peace. Sermon. VI. The Law of Moses not of Eternal Obligation, and the Reasons of our Saviour's Conformity to it, when he came to remove it. Sermon. VII. The utter Inconsistence, and no Necessity of Observing the Law of Moses, together with the Profession of Christianity. Sermon. VIII. The Grace of God shewn to be not only Consistent with the Liberty of Man's Will, but the strongest Obligation to our own Endeavours. Sermon. IX. A Second Part on the same Text and Subject. Sermon. X. The Coming of the Holy Ghost consider'd, as depending on our Blessed Saviour's Intercession, together with his Office, as our Comforter, and his perpetual Residence in the Church of Christ. Sermon. XI. Of Grieving the Holy Spirit. Sermon. XII. The Nature and Instances of Spiritual Pride Explain'd from our Saviour's Parable of the Pharisee and Publican. Sermon. XIII. The Folly and Danger of being conceited of our Spiritual Knowledge. Sermon. XIV. The Nature, Advantages, Object and Evidence of our Christian Hope. Sermon. XV. The Nature of Christian Forgiveness of Injuries, and by what Rules we may try our Practice of it. Sermon XVI. Plain-dealing, Zeal and Integrity the indispensable Duty of the Christian Ministry, in times of Danger and Corruption; and the best means to secure the Honour and Reputation of their Sacred Order. By William Tilly, D. D. Fellow of C. C. C. Oxon, and Rector of Albury near Rycot in Oxfordshire.

FINIS.



